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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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HOW WE AVENGED THE REVENGE

TIME'S GREAT WORKS OF PEACE

A NOBLE REVENGE

Let Sir Richard Grenville
Listen to This Proud Story

OTHER TIMES, OTHER WAYS

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship
bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, Old Sir
Richard caught at last.

And they praised him to his face with their
courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks and he cried:
*I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;*

*I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die.*
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

Tennyson on the loss
of the Revenge, 1591.

The British are the Angels of the sea.

A Spaniard on the saving
of the Numancia, 1929.

A New Chapter

The whirligig of Time has brought in
a proud revenge in the waters which
wash the Azores.

In a setting for ever associated with
the supreme epic of British gallantry
at sea a new chapter has been written,
a chapter of gallantry and mercy,
rounding off with superb fitness a volume
of history begun 338 years ago.

Where Sir Richard Grenville, on his
little Revenge in 1591, with one tiny
ship against 53 Spanish ships, fought
for a day and a night perhaps the most
memorable battle in our annals, modern
British seamen have avenged him. The
sequel is singular and stirring.

Four Spanish airmen in the Spanish
seaplane Numancia, attempting to
fly from Spain to New York by way of
the Azores, had been lost to sight and
knowledge for eight long days. They
had been given up for good, had been
mourned as dead, and had been sadly
celebrated in a Minute's Silence in
Madrid, when suddenly there came a
message through space that the men had
been saved by the British ship Eagle,
and that neither the men nor their plane
were any the worse for their adventure.

Lost in the Clouds

There has never been a story quite
like it in the history of the world.
The machine with her four heroes flew
out from Spain, lost themselves between
an upper and lower curtain of clouds,
missed the Azores in flying over them
in the dark, and were carried far
south-west by a north-east wind. They
alighted on the sea to get their bearings
with greater accuracy, and rose again.

Again the wind played them false,
and while still far from land they had
to come down with their petrol gone.
Then followed an unparalleled experi-
ence. Day and night for a week they
rode the sea, at the mercy of winds and
currents. They had food for ten days.

But they were lost. A mistake by

Welcome to the Jamboree



Scouts from all parts of the world are arriving in England for the great Jamboree which opens at Birkenhead on July 31. Here are some Indian Scouts being greeted by London boys.

two apprentices at sea led to the report
that the wreckage of their plane had been
seen, but nothing of their actual where-
abouts was known. Many aeroplanes
flew out to explore the waters near
European coasts, but help was not to
come in that manner.

The Eagle was on her way with a
cargo of aeroplanes for the Mediter-
ranean, but received a wireless message
directing her to proceed towards the
Azores and hunt the seas. She went at
full speed on her new tack, and as she
neared the area of search she let loose
her swarm of winged investigators. Day
after day, from dawn to sunset, they
searched far and wide, and on the
ninth day one of her planes sighted the
Numancia floating on the water.

When Sir Richard Grenville lay dying
at the end of his incomparable battle the
Spaniards

Praised him to his face
With their courtly foreign grace.

When news of the Numancia's rescue
reached Madrid the people, with two

of their greatest flyers at their head,
marched in a cheering multitude to the
British Embassy to return thanks for
what our men had done. The King of
Spain was in London at the time to
make acknowledgment in person.

No wonder the Spanish papers have
been wild with delight. One of them
finished its article with the words:
"Blessed be the eyes of the Eagle,
which have given us back our aviators,"
and the father of Major Franco, com-
mander of the Numancia, calls the
British the Angels of the sea. Major
Franco himself has been described as
Spain's Knight of the Air, and it is a
source of pride to every Englishman that
one of our ships has saved his plane.

Old Sir Richard Grenville is nobly
avenged in the waters he made immortal
in our Island story. A battle of im-
perishable renown is succeeded by a
peaceful deed of great renown. It is
the sort of vengeance to make nations
and peoples one, the touch of nature that
makes the whole world kin.

THE PACKAGE IN THE CELLAR

LOST, FORGOTTEN, AND FOUND AGAIN

Good News of a Bell That Will
Ring in Good Cheer

A LITTLE WAR STORY

Bells have always been endowed with
the spirit of romance.

There are legends of Japanese bells
which would not ring when they were
stolen from one temple and hung in
another, and of other bells which rang
out unpleasant truths concerning their
makers. But the latest story is a true one.

During the Great War a Canadian
soldier spent his leave with a certain
Londoner, and once he brought a big
package from Belgium, asking his host
to store it for him. After the war the
Canadian said he did not yet know
where he should settle down, and as he
did not want to drag such a huge package
about he asked the Londoner to let it
remain in his cellar until he had a per-
manent address.

A Souvenir of the War

For 12 years the package lay forgotten
in the cellar. The Canadian had sent
no address. Then the Londoner wanted
to move, and he remembered the
package. He made various attempts
to get in touch with his war guest, and
found at last that he was dead.

There was nothing he could do but
to open the package, which contained
a church bell. Evidently it was a
particularly large souvenir of the de-
vastated area.

Instead of selling it the Londoner
made inquiries in the part of Belgium
where he knew the Canadian's unit had
fought, and to his delight succeeded in
discovering the church from which the
bell had been taken.

A Lucky Escape

The bell has now left London for the
neighbourhood of Ypres. It will be
about the oldest bell in the district, for
the Germans took the bells and other
metal to be melted down for ammunition,
and this one had a lucky escape. The
villagers will rejoice to hear its voice
again, and their descendants will tell of
its adventures for generations.

What a queer souvenir for a soldier to
take back to Canada! But the souvenir
hunter collects strange things. We
know of a musician who preserves a
single sheet of a sonata all smothered in
mud. He has told us why.

"I found it lying on the floor of a
house where all the windows had been
smashed (he said) and German soldiers
had torn out the five middle keys of
what had once been a fine piano. They
were fond of doing that to pianos.
Yet I suppose they were decent people at
home. War makes us into fools and
brutes. I keep this bit of music to
remind me."

RICH AND RARE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

A GLORY THAT WE HOPE IS ENGLISH

The Wilton Diptych from the Fourteenth Century

A KING AND HIS ANGELS

Some of the wisest men in the world are thinking and arguing about a little thing about as big as an open C.N. It is the Wilton Diptych, reproduced in the C.N. the other day, and it stands in a glass case in the middle of the first room in the National Gallery, a wonder and a glory from the fourteenth century.

Round it people crowd and pass. There are smiling faces, puzzled faces, faces that grow suddenly grave, confronted by a great spiritual beauty; and there before them all is the kneeling boy and the placid, lovely Mary and her angels that all the wise men are talking about.

Some of the wise men say that this Diptych is the first art treasure of Europe. They all agree in praising its supreme merit, but they cannot agree as to who painted it, an Englishman or a Frenchman. Those who favour the French have a lot to say about influence and feeling and manner. Those who favour the English have other pictures to show done by English painters which support their theory.

Who Painted It?

The Diptych was in the possession of Charles the First. We know that. And we know it must have been painted long before that—about 1377. What happened between that date and the purchase by Charles we can only argue out from other known facts. One wise man has an excellent argument for attributing the Diptych to Thomas de Ocle, or Okell, of Norwich, who, it is supposed, in 1382 painted the famous retable in Norwich Cathedral.

Other great schools of painting in England in that century were Westminster Abbey and St. Albans. The artists did paintings for cathedrals and churches, and illuminated manuscripts. We can see in the British Museum and the Bodleian the kind of work they did, and we can see how like it is to the Diptych in Trafalgar Square.

Sir Martin Conway, who champions the claim that the painting is English (English to the core, says he), steps in in the middle of the argument to tell us a delightful story of the eleven angels who stand round Mary in the Diptych. It appeared that after Richard was crowned at Westminster he went to a shrine of the Virgin, and there "he made a special offering to our Lady of eleven angels, each wearing the king's badge, one for each of the eleven years of his young life."

The Badges of Richard

In the painting each of the angels wears the badges of Richard—the White Hart and the Broom Pods, so that if this story be true it is quite likely the picture was painted in commemoration of Richard's crowning.

There is no doubt that the wise men of Europe will argue about the Diptych a long time. Meanwhile that exquisite treasure stands there in the National Gallery, ours. A few rich men and the National Arts Collection Fund have helped the Government to buy it for £90,000. Anyone who wants to know what the much-talked-of medieval spirit was need but go and look at those artless, simple faces, and reflect upon the unutterable peace and quiet of the work. The painter was not trying to be clever. He was presenting the boy king of England to the queen of Heaven and making her attendant angels look kindly and sympathetically on.

LET US GIVE THANKS

"All people that on Earth do dwell": in these words from the Old Hundredth the Thanksgiving of our race begins, and they typify the thanks and praise given everywhere to God for the restoration of the King to health.

Months ago, when the worst fears were over, the King sent out his own message of thanks to his people, and in it he said that what had so deeply touched him was that the words of sympathy and hope and encouragement he had received came not from his own people alone, but from the people of other nations.

It was in this that he saw a hope of the brotherhood and amity of all nations, because they could be so moved to hope for the welfare of one individual. The King might have said that he had experienced in these messages the knowledge that among many peoples who on Earth do dwell, though charity begins at home, it does not end there.

In a great Thanksgiving at the Abbey great personages are present, and the representatives of many and great nations, but in the streets the common people rejoice no less fervently and no less reverently. In thousands of little churches the psalms, the hymns, the Te Deum are repeated by humble voices and reverent hearts.

Not in London alone, not in England only, or in the great Dominions, but in every corner of the world the incense of prayer and praise goes up to Heaven. Surely this was not all in vain. Of a surety it has done something to unite the world in the unbreakable bonds of Charity and Peace.

A MISTAKE IN THE LORDS

Somebody Forgets

THE DOOR THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN CLOSED

Parliament, which makes rules for the whole nation, should be able to set an example in carrying out the rules that govern its own Palace.

On the opening day of the new Parliament a curious mistake was made in the application of a well-known rule. "Strangers" may not be present at the prayers with which every sitting of both Houses is opened. But on the first day of a new Parliament there are certain happenings before prayers. In the House of Lords the Commons are summoned to receive a message from the King, charging them to elect their Speaker, and prayers are not held till after this ceremony. On this occasion, therefore, "strangers" are admitted before prayers, though they have to go afterwards till prayers are over.

At the opening of the Lords the other day some official forgot this, and everyone was told, as usual, that he could not come into the galleries until "after prayers." In the eyes of peers not only are newspaper reporters strangers, but members of the House of Commons, too. A certain number of Commoners are able to appear at the Bar with their leaders to hear the message: the rest overflow into the galleries. This time the galleries were closed to them and to the journalists as well.

It was not a big matter, but it must have been very irritating all the same.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Manioc	May-ne-ok
Orinoco	O-re-no-ko
Picul	Pick-ul
Tirana	Te-rah-nah
Vevey	Veh-vay

ALL THE WORLD HAPPY TOGETHER

CHEERING NATIONS AT WIMBLEDON

The Great Tennis Pageant and the Spirit of Goodwill

THE EMINENT EIGHT

Wimbledon has spread its spell over the world again, favoured by rather more sunshine than usual, visited by even larger crowds, watched with excitement and an enthusiasm which seems to grow with every year.

And this year, too, has been a better English year, with the most encouraging spectacle of young Austin gallantly fighting his way up toward the top. First in the Eight, then in the Four, he stood as England's brightest hope, and he remains our star.

In the last eight players of the Singles Tournaments, women and men, there was the usual distribution of players from both hemispheres, but this year it leaned a little more strongly to England, so slow to recover from the loss of her young athletes in the war.

Young Austin

Among the men there was, of course, "Young Austin," the first Englishman for three years to gain the honours of this eminent eight. Then there were the great Tilden and the rising Lott from America; three Frenchmen (in spite of Lacoste's absence), Cochet, Borotra, and Landry one Dutchman, young Timmer; and an Hungarian, the sturdy Von Kehrling.

Among the ladies England had Mrs. McIlquham, Miss Goldsack, and Miss Joan Ridley—though the favoured stars, Miss Bennett, Miss Betty Nuthall, and Mrs. Watson, had fallen by the way. America also had three—the wonderful Helen Wills, Miss Helen Jacobs, and Mrs. Bundy, who also deserves the word wonderful, for we saw her win a Championship at the old Wimbledon when she was a girl with her brown hair tied with a blue ribbon—24 years ago! Miss Heine and Miss Tapscott from Greater Britain completed the eight.

A German Cheered

Whoever won and whoever lost (for "time and chance happeneth to them all") the Wimbledon of 1929 is likely to be remembered as a great occasion for bringing together all the nations of the world in good fellowship.

For the first time for years a German (Moldenhauer) was cheered on the Centre Court for the brave struggle he made against an Italian (De Morpurgo), and that was a great step forward, though Fraulein Cilly Aussem, the girl champion of Germany, has been welcomed before, winning all hearts by her youth and charm.

What was really the best thing of the meeting was the way in which people of all nationalities gathered there to applaud impartially German or Frenchman, Czechoslovakian, Austrian, Italian, Dutchman, or American, so long as he was a good winner or a good loser.

SAVED BY A BUSH

A Dutchman and his wife, when they return to flat Holland after exploring the Swiss mountains, will remember the peaks not for their beauty but for a bush that grows on one of them.

The bush is at the foot of a steep slope on the Mannlichen above the Kleine Scheidegg and grows on a ledge beneath which the mountain falls sheer away in a 300-foot precipice.

The Dutch tourists had lost their way in picking flowers, and in the dusk found themselves on the slope. They slipped, they fell, they slid down the slope, and nothing but the bush saved them from hurtling over the precipice.

For a day and a half they lay there, unable to climb back till a search party from their hotel found them.

BRER RABBIT IN HYDE PARK

Jolly Hours By The Serpentine

FREE LITTLE PLAYS IN A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE

By Our Town Girl

Brer Rabbit is known all over the world as the most mischievous and most lovable rabbit in existence.

Not long ago I saw him in Hyde Park. He did not run away, however, but proudly showed off his tricks, got into scrapes, and then got out of them again with ease—he was such a clever rabbit!

He challenged Brer Fox and Brer Bear to a tug-of-war, holding a rope in each hand; but, pretending to be nervous, he made them agree to be blindfolded; and then, changing the two ropes for one long one, he left Brer Fox and Brer Bear to manage the tug-of-war by themselves.

When they were tired out, and had pulled each other over several times, Brer Rabbit cut the rope, declaring he was the strongest man after all. They had to believe he had won, which was just as well, as Brer Rabbit had promised to be Brer Fox's dinner if he lost!

Scaring Away Birds

When Mr. Man warned Janey about Brer Rabbit stealing his lettuces Brer Rabbit covered his tell-tale ears with a top-hat and hid his tail beneath a tail-coat, and then, calling himself Mr. Billy Malone, wheeled a basketful of the coveted lettuces out of Janey! But Mr. Man catches him on his second visit and ties him to a tree. Along comes Mr. Fox and has a good laugh, for Brer Rabbit is always getting the better of Fox. Rabbit, however, has his wits about him. He waves his arms in the air and Fox asks the reason why. "Oh," says Brer Rabbit, "I'm earning a lot of money by scaring away the birds from Mr. Man's garden. You come and take my place and you'll go home tonight with your pockets full of dollars!"

And Brer Fox gets taken in once more!

An Open-Air Stage

Brer Rabbit gave his name to this woodland opera by Mabel Dearmer, and consented to act the name-part himself, provided he could wear his own bright clothes, as he does not care for those worn by Mr. Man nowadays. There were lots of young rabbit friends of his there, too, who capered about with him; it was difficult to believe that they were children who sometimes do sums in school.

I thoroughly enjoyed the music Martin Shaw composed for Brer Rabbit, and give my best thanks to the League of Arts, who have been providing such delightful entertainments as this in Hyde Park.

THINGS SAID

Everywhere picnic parties and nowhere litter! A visitor from Kew

Man has a bad record as a destroyer of trees. Lord Allenby

I have always lived without a collar-stud whenever possible. The Chief Scout

The London boy is the finest raw material in the world.

Sir T. Tudor Walters, M.P.

Rowing men are the cheapest to entertain; they drink nothing but water.

Lord Desborough

From Yorkshire and other English counties architects can learn all they need. Mr. Walter Tapper

General Dawes told me that when he came in to dinner he sat next to a man and had to ask his name, and found it was Jellicoe. The Prince at a dinner

Be not weary in well-doing. St. Paul

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The Children's Newspaper

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A LION TAKES A REST · HAYMAKING · A SCHOOL OF BRICKLAYING



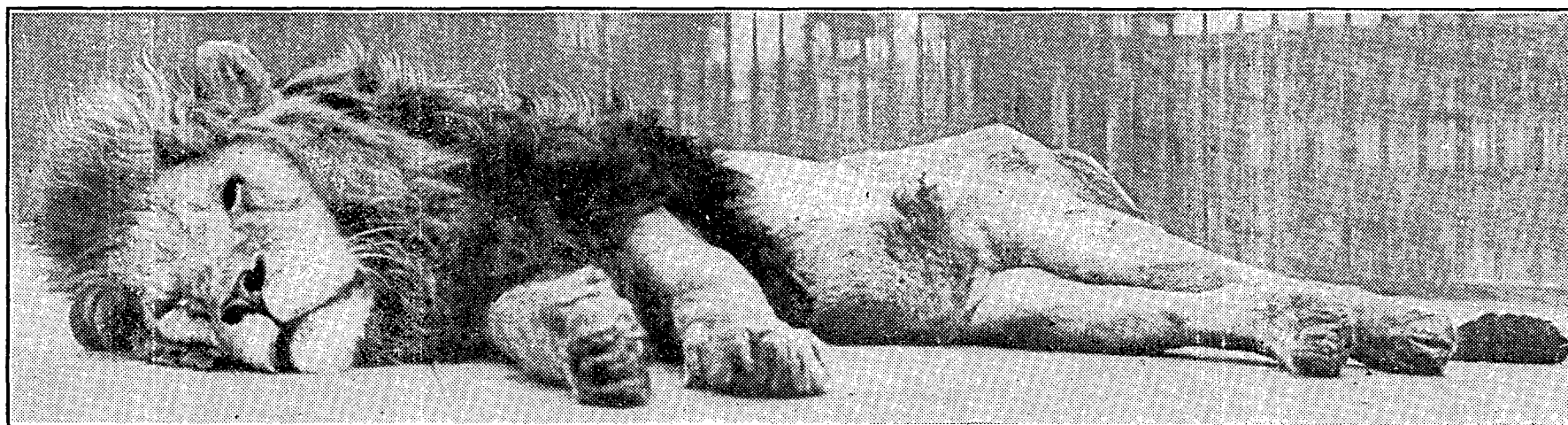
The Sunshine Boys—These happy boys from the Bethnal Green Homes, in a poor quarter of London, are enjoying a holiday in the sunshine at Epping Forest.



Carting the Hay—The weather has been particularly kind to haymakers this year. Here is a picture taken at the Staffordshire Education Committee's farm school at Rodbaston.



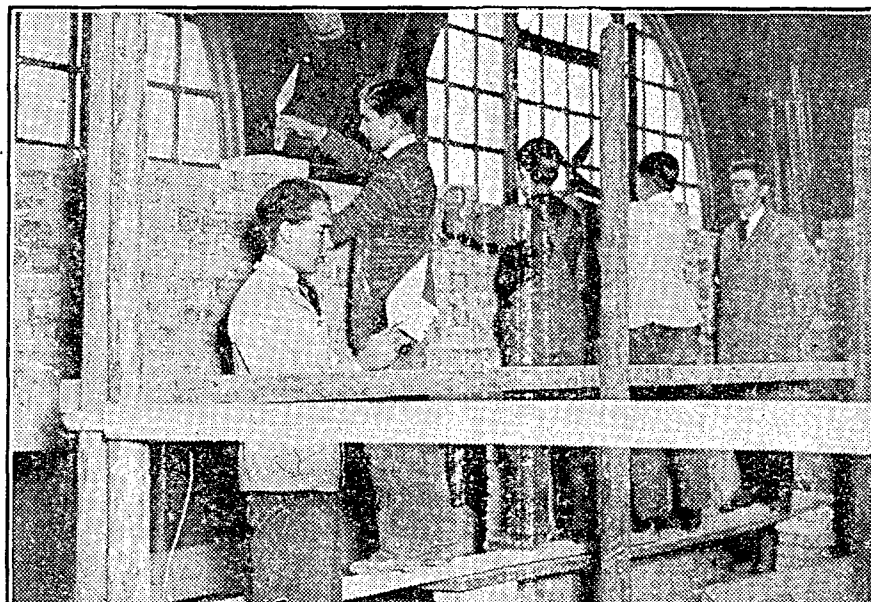
Running Hard—A race for children was one of the events of a garden party at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, the other day. The boy in the picture seems determined to beat the girls.



Caught Napping—This splendid picture, taken at the London Zoo, shows one of the lions stretched out on the floor of his cage for an afternoon sleep.



Visiting England—A party of Norwegian and Swedish Girl Guides on holiday in England have been camping at Corbridge-on-Tyne. Here we see them carrying their luggage.



School for Bricklayers—Boys at the L.C.O. School of Building at Brixton are here seen laying bricks for the structure they are erecting inside their school.

A STORM OVER A TEACUP The Black Lady at White House

A tea party has upset America, not for the first time!

Mrs. Hoover, wife of the President, has been giving a series of tea parties and receptions to the wives of Congressmen, and among her guests was Mrs. Oscar de Priest.

The Senate of Texas has passed a resolution declaring that the citizens of that State are bowing their heads in shame and regret, and Republican leaders in Virginia announce that the invitation will cost the party 25,000 votes in that State.

Yet Mrs. Oscar de Priest is as good a citizen as any woman in the States. The South objects to her solely because she is the wife of the new Negro Congressman from Chicago!

The Northern States have always taken a more human view of the colour question than the South, and their newspapers have not hesitated to praise Mrs. Hoover's action.

They think, and most people will think with them, that if a man is good enough to take part in the government of the country his wife is good enough to take part in a tea party.

This White House tea party seems likely to prove as famous as the Boston tea party of old.

THE FIRST SIGN OF THE CROSS IN BRITAIN

The Cross was early planted in these islands, for there were Christians in Britain when Rome ruled here.

What is probably the first sign of the Cross known in these islands, inscribed where all might see, has just been found.

It was discovered in the Roman city of Caerleon, on the banks of the River Usk, near Newport. Mr. Nash Williams, who is in charge of the excavations there, found the sacred sign on a tile such as the Romans placed on the top-most gable of their houses.

On such tiles the pagan Roman builder stamped the effigy of a human head, or a disc to represent the Sun. This tile was stamped with the Cross.

It has emerged after nearly 20 centuries.

A NIGHT SUMMONS

A noble story is told concerning the Prince of Wales in a special article in the Sunday Times.

He often visits the hospitals and welfare centres which care for disabled soldiers, and one particularly badly shattered man received much kindness from him. A little time ago this man grew worse, and in the night he said he wanted to see the Prince once more before he died. A chaplain went to York House, and the Prince dressed and went to the man's bedside.

The most remarkable part of this story seems to us, not that the Prince went, but that the Prince's household allowed the message to be taken to him at night. Is there any other prince in the world whose servants would have permitted it?

A SURPRISE FOR THE RUBBER WORLD

Something new in rubber plants has been discovered by Dr. C. F. Swingle in Madagascar, and many of the plants are now growing in America, where they are likely to be widely cultivated.

The plant is one of the most remarkable producers of rubber ever known, for the latex it gives needs no labour spending on it, the rubber separating itself out on exposure to air. Long gashes are cut in the bark of the tree, and the next day the strips of rubber formed over them are just peeled away.

CELLULOID DANGER Safety Films Made in England

Every C.N. reader knows what a dangerous thing celluloid is if it catches fire, and the fact that cinematograph films have been made on celluloid has always caused great anxiety.

Kinematograph films cannot be shown in the home or in schools unless they are printed on the new kind of celluloid which will not catch fire, and the day is not far distant when films of all kinds will be made on film which will not burn. Until recently all the non-inflammable film was made in America, but it is now being made in England, of very much the same material as that used in the manufacture of artificial silk. It is to the artificial silk industry we owe the progress that has been made in the production of non-flam film, and once this is established there should be no more danger of fires in cinemas.

The C.N. has long appealed to the Home Office to save us from the danger of celluloid films and celluloid toys, and it is hoped that the new Home Secretary will be more responsive to such appeals than his predecessor.

A DRAWER GIVES UP ITS SECRET

The secret drawer of an old piece of Jersey furniture has given up its secret.

When Charles the Second was exiled from England nearly 300 years ago the island of Jersey stood firm for him and helped to bring about his restoration.

Various letters sent from Charles to the island were kept by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Carteret, and handed on to his descendants. Thirty years ago Madame Hubert lost them, but an antique dealer has come across them in a secret drawer.

There were letters to Sir George Carteret and to the bailiffs and curates of the island. One was written by Charles after the Battle of Naseby, and in it he thanked the islanders for their allegiance, and said farewell. A second urged them to speed up the supplies they had promised; and a third gave the king's permission and instructions for the formation of a company to carry on the manufacture of worsted stockings!

HURRAH

There is magic in the name of Tom Hughes. There is many a story connected with Wigan.

Tom Hughes of Wigan has ridden his tricycle from Land's End to John o' Groats in 3 days 21 hours 55 minutes.

Twenty-five years ago someone whose name has long been revered by cyclists, though seldom remembered by the multitude, rode the distance in 4 days 18 hours. Tom Hughes has broken that record, which many people have tried in vain to break since 1904, by nearly a day—by 20 hours and 5 minutes.

A good piece of honest toil, and if Tom Hughes of Wigan is not so long remembered as the man of the same name who wrote Tom Brown's School-days, it may be more than 25 years before anyone does better.

Cigarette v. Town Hall

Crewe Town Hall has been destroyed by fire; it is thought the fire was caused by a cigarette thrown from a balcony by a dancer.

A Little Scene in Florence

Some excitement was caused in Florence the other day when a young mother undressed her baby and gave him a bath in the basin of the fountain in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio.

Madame Curie

Madame Curie, the Polish discoverer of radium, has been presented with the freedom of Glasgow. We congratulate the famous scientist, and we congratulate Glasgow.

THE PITY OF IT Son of a Genius Starves in a Garret

Alfred Sisley is a great name among painters. His son Pierre Sisley has just died in poverty in Paris. They say he died of starvation.

Some of Alfred Sisley's paintings may be seen at the Tate Gallery; others are among the famous British water-colour painters at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Alfred Sisley painted at a later date than these, and he learned his painting in France at the same time and in the same school as the French impressionists like Monet or Seurat or Manet. But he painted the English scene and painted it beautifully.

After his death his paintings brought a hundred times the price he was paid for them. It is one of the tragedies of the death of his son that some of his father's paintings were found in his garret.

SOME OF THEM LEFT

At Sudbury, in Suffolk, is a group of very beautiful and ancient cottages which were timbered and plastered in the sixteenth century, but which are now threatened with being pulled down.

The generous landlady who kept them up is dead. There is a great risk that they will now be pulled down and something less beautiful and more profitable put up in their stead.

The cooperative society which bought them as a lot is not anxious to see their beauty depart, and offered to sell them again at cost price if someone would buy them and preserve them.

Three people have come forward with nearly half the money. A little more is wanted. A subscriber will not make much on his money if he invests it in a cottage, but he will lose little, and he will preserve a great deal of beauty for the pleasure of others.

There are people, the C.N. is glad to note, who do these things. But England wants more of them.

Too often with these ancient and beautiful things, everyone talks about it (as Mark Twain said of the weather) but nobody does anything.

THE SPRUCE CAPTAIN AND THE GRIMY STOKER

The ship's captain looks very smart in his gold lace, but sometimes passengers think to themselves "It is really the grimy stoker on whom we all depend."

The truth is that the ship cannot spare either the spruce captain or the grimy stoker.

When the Cameronia crossed the Atlantic recently she encountered fog and icebergs, and was 14 hours overdue. The captain had been on the bridge for 52 hours while the liner felt her way through the fog. All depended on him.

There is more in a captain's job than the wearing of gold lace, and the stoker, working in regular watches, would be the first to say so.

THE OLD TREE

Canford School is to be congratulated on having solved a very knotty problem.

It was necessary to extend the school buildings, but a magnificent old cedar tree stood in the way. The school refused to sacrifice its ancient tree or to give up its extension plans, although everyone said it must do one thing or the other.

A wide trench 35 yards long was dug, and the old tree was underpinned. Then it was drawn along the trench, with all its roots intact, and planted 35 yards from its old place.

Most people would have said it was impossible to transplant a tree 70 feet high, with a waist measurement of 14 feet, and weighing about 40 tons; but Canford has proved it can be done.

THE LITTLE MONKEY CHARIOT Child's Plaything of Pharaoh's Day

A Reuter telegram brings news of a discovery at Tel-el-Amarna.

The Egypt Exploration Society has dug up a large number of tools, ornaments, weights, and other objects, among them a child's toy described as thousands of years old. It is a little chariot drawn by monkeys, and monkeys are the passengers.

Today bigger children have different toys, but among the smaller nursery folk the type of plaything that pleased little Egypt centuries ago is still a favourite. We have monkeys riding bicycles, or driving tiny goat carriages, or popping out of an indiarubber ball. On the tray of the hawker in Regent Street and on the counter of the finest shops our friend the monkey persists, with the beady eyes and grinning mouth that brought a smile to the face of Pharaoh's little son.

There is something about the gay, impudent, yet wistful face of the monkey that has endeared him to the children of all times and places.

THE STUD THAT FAILED

One failing steel stud led to the calamity by which the air-liner City of Ottawa was plunged into the Channel and precious lives were lost.

The stud was one of four, all of which seemed to be of good steel, carefully tested. First the front stud on the left side of a connecting-rod gave way. The back stud followed it.

Then the two studs on the opposite side of the rod developed cracks. Finally, the whole arrangement gave way, connecting-rod and crank-case collapsed, and the plane was forced to descend.

Why did the front stud go? Nobody quite knows. Metals grow tired and lose their elasticity, as human beings do; and when they develop this kind of tiredness they are apt to snap. The fatigue of the front stud made it less capable of doing its work of gripping. It gave way, and threw more work on the others. In their turn they grew unable to bear the burden.

It is a remarkable example of the importance of the smallest things, as in that age-old rhyme:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the kingdom was lost.

THANKING THE GOOD WORKMAN

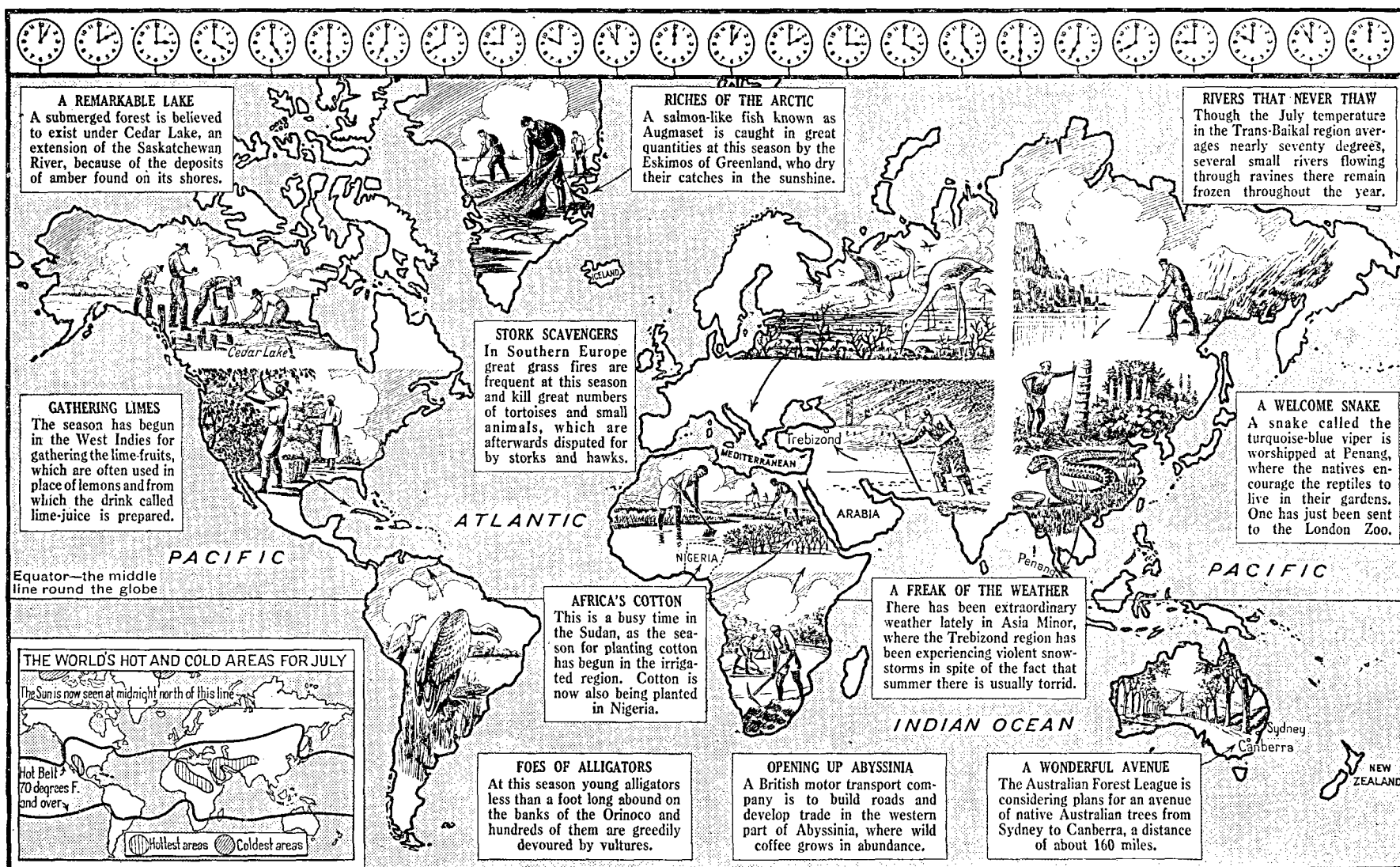
A very beautiful new library has been added to Gray's Inn, the famous Inn of Court to which Francis Bacon belonged, and its completion was celebrated in a befitting and gracious manner.

Many men built and adorned this famous library besides the architects and designers. There were bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, carvers, and cabinet makers. The ancient Inn would not allow their share to be forgotten.

Therefore the Benchers of the Inn invited these good men and true to dinner in the old Hall, and barristers and bricklayers mingled in fellowship with the consciousness of good work done.

Mr. Tim Healy, K.C., the Treasurer, presided and was a right and proper host for the occasion. It is only right that the humblest contributors to worthy works of the builder should be remembered. On the cathedral at Laon, in France, are the stone effigies of oxen, in remembrance of those patient beasts who dragged the stones of the cathedral up the long, steep hill; and on the cathedral walls of Winchester is the name of that good diver who went down in the dark waters and relaid the falling foundations of our famous Norman House of God.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ALL THEY HAD ON A DONKEY

Possessions of the Immortals

Professor Gilbert Murray, one of the greatest living authorities on ancient Greece, has been speaking of the value of Greek study, and what he says is interesting to all of us, whether Greek students or merely homely English citizens.

Whereas in ancient battles the quality of the men mainly decided the issue (said Professor Murray), now it was almost entirely decided by the equipment. That emphasis upon equipment dominated our practical daily life, and, whatever he pretended, the average intelligent Westerner did measure civilisation by material standards.

It was of incalculable importance that we should be reminded of the fact that much of the noblest poetry, the finest art, the profoundest and most sensible thought known to the world, had been the work of men who had no explosives, no steam, no electricity, no watches, no optical glasses or scientific instruments; who in their houses knew nothing of plumbing, and when travelling carried all their possessions on a small donkey.

Ancient Greece was a standing example in human history of the combination of plain living and high thinking, or of a civilisation which, judged by spiritual standards, was supremely great, and judged by material standards was utterly puny and poverty-stricken.

The two most pressing needs in the present strange and dangerous epoch of world history were, it seemed to him, to escape from the anarchy of momentary desires to the Cosmos of reason, and to see beyond the prison of the material present to the heavenly places from which the human spirit draws its life.

A HUNDRED MILLION RIDES

The number of railway passengers on British railways last year (not counting season tickets) was nearly a hundred millions, about three millions more than the year before.

YOUR HOLIDAY AND YOUR DOG

From the Canine Defence League

The dog, incorrigible optimist that he is, seldom displays that boredom shown by his master after nearly twelve months of the same old daily round. So, when holiday time arrives, Fido's change not infrequently consists of a temporary change of master, which is the last thing a normal dog would desire.

Take your dog with you on holiday if you can. He will be just as appreciative as you are of the joys of coast or countryside. Travelling for dogs is not nearly so troublesome as it used to be.

If you must leave Fido at home, leave him with a friend; but if he must be left at a boarding kennel assure yourself that he will be comfortable there. It is kind to pay a few shillings more to know that while you are holidaying your dog is also having a good time.

CANADA'S FORESTS ARE FALLING DOWN

Canada's timber is coming down. It is coming down so fast, Sir Herbert Matthews told the Empire Society, that in 25 years it will be gone.

It is largely going in paper. The hard woods of the Empire, or of the United States, or of the world as a whole, are in no danger at present. But the soft woods, which can be mashed into pulp for paper, for newspapers especially, or for chocolate wrappers or cigarette packets, are vanishing faster than they can be replanted.

The story of timber has been told of coal, and yet the life of the world's supply of coal holds out, and is even declared to be larger than was once believed. It may also turn out that the soft wood timber will last longer than expected. As the supplies grow shorter (and therefore dearer) someone will surely invent a substitute.

A DOG IN THE MANGER REPENTS

From a Trafalgar Square Cellar to Downing Street

The National Gallery was a dog in the manger. It did not want to play that unpleasant role, but what could it do? There were more pictures than could be hung on its walls, so the Gallery stored them in the cellars where no one could see them, and their loveliness was wasted.

But in 1924 came a proposal from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who hates all waste, especially waste of beauty, as a thrifty Scotsman should. He suggested that some of the pictures from the cellars should be lent to 10, Downing Street, where the Prime Minister and his helpers and foreign statesmen could enjoy them. The National Gallery accepted the idea, and No. 10 became full of beauty.

Perhaps the ghosts of the painters know. We like to think they do, and that they rejoice to find the children of their minds rescued from the cellar and set in the midst of mankind again.

LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET

When all the fine horses, worth a million pounds altogether, were assembled at Olympia for the Horse Show, Old Broncho, 25 years old if he is a day, held up his head with the youngest.

Old Broncho, who belongs now to Brigadier Malise Graham, has seen the world as well as a deal of service. He went to Palestine with Lord Allenby, and few old war horses can boast better than that.

Olympia knows him well. As soon as Old Broncho appeared he was cheered as a familiar friend. He responded by taking all the jumps without a fault.

More cheering ushered the old warrior out. It was a wonderful performance for a veteran of 25 years, as old for a horse as 60 years would be for a man.

MINORITIES

The League's Responsibility for Them

By Our League Correspondent

The item of chief interest in the programme of the last session of the League Council in Madrid was the disturbed question of Minority populations in countries affected by the war.

The problem has existed, and has urgently needed solution, since the Peace Treaties changed the map of Europe, placing people of one race, language, and culture under the government of others to whom they did not belong.

The League took the responsibility of protecting these minority populations from oppression, but it has never really decided how far-reaching that responsibility is, and practically all that has been done up till now is to deal with petitions asking for redress for wrongs they deem themselves to be suffering. Even this work has not been done so thoroughly as many people feel it should be, for fear chiefly of offending Governments, and the demand was made that methods of dealing with these petitions should be improved.

The matter was studied by three members of the League Council and a report drawn up, with the help of a long list of proposals submitted by various countries. The suggestions for improvements contained in this report have happily come into force.

But this is still not enough and does not satisfy certain countries. Germany is urging that the general League guarantee of protection for minorities should be thoroughly examined, so that the League, by taking a larger part in watching over the interests of minorities, may prevent such disturbances of the peace as inevitably occur, and so ward off the real danger that threatens.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 13

1929

Time Will Do It

WE are getting on. With the Reparations bother out of the way the world can move toward peace.

It can get on with the peaceful and honourable business of hard work, which is the only business that pays, and the only one that can ever pay for some of the awful losses which every nation sitting round the Reparations table suffered in the war.

It has taken ten years for them to come to a right and sensible understanding about what this nation ought to pay and what that nation is to receive, and it would be too much to expect of human nature that all or even any of the nations are now quite satisfied. But, grumble as each one will that it ought to have done better out of a bad business, in the hearts of each there will presently be a deep thankfulness that the matter is settled and done with, and that there is nothing more in it to dispute.

The thankfulness will last. The only cause for grumbling will be that what has been done now might have been done ten years ago if men only had been wise enough and generous enough to see it. What heart-burnings and bitter words would have been avoided! There would have been no quarrel about the Ruhr, no stinging jibes about Shylock creditors and pounds of flesh.

But before we sigh over what might have been let us remember that in this world of erring and faulty men and women we have to wait for Time to cover up human failings and human short-sightedness. Time, the healer, will some day cover up even the scars and sorrows of the war itself.

It is doing so now, and the reasonableness which has made this settlement possible is a sign of it. Ten years ago it would not have been possible. If an angel had come down from Heaven he could not have made nations of men, with the memories and injuries of the war burning in their hearts, take a reasonable view.

Who ten years ago would have believed that when Segrave won a race with his motor-boat in Berlin the Germans would have played our National Anthem? Who would have believed that the crowd at Wimbledon would cheer a little German girl?

These things come to pass. Leave it to Time. Time will do it. Time has done now one of the hardest things that can be done, which is to make men agree in a dispute about money. Time will, in its own good time, link all men in the Brotherhood of Nations. It is doing it now.

There was a day far back in the story of the world when all Christians loved one another. It will come again. Time will bring that precious day back.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Litter Box

THE C.N. has called attention to the way litter is allowed to blow about in the streets of the City from the uncovered dust carts; now we are glad to call attention to an excellent practice which the City of Westminster has started.

Its dustmen going about Westminster with their little handcarts for tidying up the streets display an attractive little board on each cart with the words, *Please Put Litter Here*.

It is the beginning of the day when every street will have its Litter Box, and the C.N. thanks the Health Department of the Westminster City Council for its new concession to a beautiful and tidy and healthy London. City of London and everybody else please copy.

Who Does These Things?

WE were glad to hear a man refuse to take the new stamps the other day, and delighted to hear of another who puts a penny stamp on his envelopes rather than use the new half-penny one.

That is good for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but what shall we say to a Post Office which compels its customers to use a thing so ugly and so entirely ridiculous as the half-penny stamp with which the G.P.O. has celebrated the Postal Congress?

The only point we have been able to discover in the colossal figures for the halfpenny, twice repeated so as to occupy more space than the King's portrait, is that they might be useful for teaching baby arithmetic.

It may surely be said that in the whole history of stamps nothing quite so commonplace has ever been printed as this. Who does these things?

Sounds and Voices

Now that the voice of Rex is silent at 2 L O (though we loved to hear it again at the Epilogue the other Sunday night) it is good to think that the charming voice expressing personality may have its day on the talkie films. We shall be glad, for a delightful voice usually means a delightful personality, and everybody is sick of the pretty dolls of the film. We should not wonder if the most famous talkie-actress of the future might turn out to be merely a pleasant-looking person and no more; but with a voice of gold.

There is a chance, too, for the organist who has for so many years had to exist on a pittance a bricklayer would despise. Kinemas are buying organs, and we are told that in the typical small moving-picture house some of the new stops include Tom-tom, Chinese Gong, Grand Crash, Ford Horn, Doorbell, Thundersheet, and Aeroplane!

Peace

MEN and women of every class and creed are becoming conscious of the need for stillness and a way of escape to some place where there is peace.

Archbishop of Canterbury

Q. and A.

WHAT is pain?

A mortal's testing.

What is fear?

A thing for besting.

What is hate?

A crimson blindness.

What is sense?

A world of kindness.

What's a fall?

A lay of learning.

What's success?

It comes with earning.

What are grief,

Shame, loss, disaster?

Things that man

Was born to master.

Tip-Cat

THE War Office has an Inspector of Hosiery. Does he give the Civil Servants socks?

No one has yet managed to grow a blue rose. Nor a green moustache.

A TRAVELLER has come from an island where fish is used as currency.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If friendships will beat warships

It must be fun to get a packet of chocolates from a slot-machine.

OLD folk in a Sussex village have never seen a motor-car. Ought to be an opening there for an oculist.

FROM a British Association paper: Java produces sugar at the rate of 150 piculs per bouw. Comment is needless. Quite!

HEAT travels faster than cold. That is what makes it hot.

THIS year is the centenary of the Penny Chair. It is being celebrated by charging Twopence.

A NICARAGUA general in search of safety has gone to Mexico. An optimist.

LUNCH-TIME swimming is popular in the City. Company-floating always has been, except at lunch-time.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

No alcohol is used in the American Embassy in London.

IT is said that only one in a hundred of the Salvation Army's 160,000 emigrants has failed.

GUILDFORD is buying 47 acres to preserve a view of the Hog's Back from its High Street.

The Cottages of England

A great effort is being made by the Society of Arts to preserve our ancient cottages.

THE cottage homes of England How picturesque they stand, With timbers, thatch, and white-wash

And yews on either hand! But few of them have water, And fewer still have drains, Their stones are mostly broken, Their roofs let in the rains.

THE villa homes of England How villainous they stand, All slate and brick and putty, The eyesores of the land! But all of them have plumbing, And baths with h. and c., And ranges that will function, And housewives full of glee.

O MEN who buy the cottage Be lavish with your pelf, And let it to the labourer, But fit it for yourself. O mend the broken places, But let the beauty rest; O leave it fair but wholesome, And be for ever blessed!

The Prayer of a Girl of Thirteen

O God, the gift of life is sweet! Thou causest every heart to beat

And nerve to feel. O God, the gift of life is dear! And praying in Thy temple here We humbly kneel

To thank Thee for Thy wondrous gift, And gratefully our souls we lift While every heart-throb seems to say *I am alive.*

O God, the gift of life is free! And we must make it worthy Thee By being true. And, God, this gift of life is mine To make unworthy or divine. Lord, lead me through! The gift of life will never rust If in our God we put our trust, And gladly say, with each new day, *I am alive!* Margaret Rhodes

Mrs. Muddle's Key

WE have lately given lists of curious names found in various counties, and, though we cannot give county lists of all the funny names in England, we must find a corner for this sample sent by a reader travelling in Sussex.

On the door of an old timbered Clergy House preserved by the National Trust is a notice saying that if the door is locked the visitor must apply for the key to Mrs. Muddle!

Luckily, writes our correspondent, the door was open so we did not have to wait while Mrs. Muddle searched in every drawer, turned out her work-basket, and looked behind the coal-scuttle for the key that had been "just to my hand, sir, a minute ago."

The C.N. apologises to Mrs. Muddle in advance in case this reaches her eye, for we are sure good Mrs. Muddle believes her name, and keeps the key always handy, hanging on its appointed nail.

COUNCIL OF JUSTICE FOR THE ANIMALS

A NEW SORT OF MISSIONARY

Going About the World
Teaching People To Be Kind
CRUELTY GIVES WAY TO MERCY

There are many good movements afoot in this old world of ours, but none is quite like the Council of Justice to Animals, a missionary society which sends speakers into lands where people have hitherto not thought very much about animals and their sufferings.

Often travellers say "Of course the scenery and the buildings and the costumes were beautiful, but I could not really enjoy my holiday in Somewhere because of the poor animals."

"Then," says the Council of Justice to Animals, "we must go there and try to make things better."

"Impossible," says the traveller; "those people would never listen to talk about kindness to animals."

"We cannot believe it," says the Council, and quotes its favourite motto from the Song of the Panama Men:

*Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?*

*We specialise in the wholly impossible,
Doing the things that no other can do.*

Making Friends

So they send two charming ladies to the land where everyone is supposed to be cruel. They approach the Minister for Education and ask permission to speak in schools, and they are not refused. They make friends with the police, the doctors, the churchpeople, and the slaughtermen. These brave ladies always take with them a humane killer, and themselves kill animals in the public slaughter-houses to prove how easy as well as merciful is this method.

And in every country they find kind people willing to do unpaid work for suffering animals.

In Tirana, for instance, the capital city of Albania and a Mohammedan town, Dr. Bilal, the Government veterinary surgeon, offered his services for over an hour a day at an Animal Dispensary should one be formed, and the Mayor gave a shop for the purpose.

Good Work by Boys

In this town the police used to destroy stray dogs by strychnine, which means a long and agonising death. They knew of no better way. The Council advised chloroform, and the boys at the Technical School made the lethal boxes, while a lady doctor undertook to put the dogs to sleep.

In Corfu M. Kantakitis, a Government veterinary surgeon, offered to give lectures to police schools, and to attend cab-horses free. M. Liatsos, Director of the Y.M.C.A., consented to be secretary of a Society for Kindness to Animals, and the Director of Police became a member. In the previous year the police had destroyed 2000 dogs by strychnine; now better days are in sight.

A Fine Dog's Home

In Athens a fine Dog's Home has been started. English people do not realise that in nearly all Continental towns there is a man paid to deal with stray dogs. He lassoes them and carries them off to the Municipal Pound, where he kills, feeds, or starves them as he pleases. In Rome the municipality had a particularly horrible Pound, where dogs were kept in tiny cages which they never left. In most cases the dogs simply lie on cement, without drinking-water or proper food, and those who do not die of hunger or cold are killed by hanging, drowning, or strychnine.

The Council of Justice pays for bigger cages, wooden benches to raise

TEN YEARS' WORK FOR A LITTLE SPRING

LAKE Nemi has become, we fear, another example of the wisdom of letting well alone.

It has been emptied of much of its water, and the little spring in the depths of its ages-old basin will take ten years to fill it to the brim again.

The twentieth century's powerful pumps have taken the lake's waters away in eight months or so, but they cannot bring them back again. That task is left for the patient little spring which has been performing the task for many thousands of years.

When the volcano which flamed in the crater here died down, ages before Caligula built galleys or any man was on the Earth to float a boat, Nature clothed the ashen cup with verdure.

The rains fell here, and the dews and water trickled in rivulets into the cup. Some of it sank into the sides and then

bubbled up again after an underground journey, reappearing as a spring in the middle of the basin.

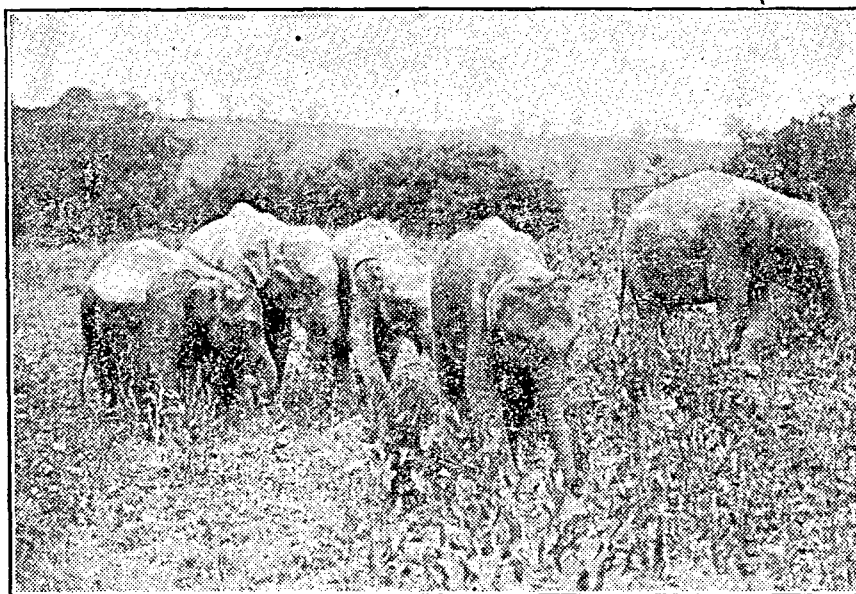
When Caligula lived and rioted here the spring had long since done its work in filling up the lake, and was working in retirement underneath its waters, keeping the lake full and beautiful.

So, after Caligula had come and gone, the little spring continued its work. Poets and painters saw the beauty and romance of the lake. Cozens and Turner painted it; their pictures are in our national galleries.

What they saw and rejoiced in has gone. Lake Nemi has been made ugly. It has lost even the mystery of the lost galleys, of which little has been found that is of value.

Nevertheless, the spring is going on. Lake Nemi will return. It will outlast the twentieth century's efforts.

A HERTFORDSHIRE JUNGLE



The baby elephants in their new home



Making friends with one of the farm girls

Five baby elephants have arrived at an animal farm at Cheshunt. Here we see them making themselves at home in their new surroundings. The first picture looks like a scene in an Indian jungle rather than a field in Hertfordshire.

Continued from the previous column

the prisoners from the wet cement, and lethal boxes in which they may be humanely destroyed. Wherever possible a proper Home is established.

We ought not to be content to admire this work. The Council asks everyone who goes abroad to be a missionary too, for places which live on visitors' money are anxious to please those visitors. When we are in the East let us refuse to hire donkeys or camels with wounds; when we are on the Continent let us visit the Municipal Pound and after-

wards tell the hotel-keeper just what we think of it. If we find something that wants doing let us inform the Council of Justice to Animals at 42, Old Bond Street, and in any case let us send a subscription there.

The Council of Justice believes that it is not a cruel world but an ignorant world. It believes that in every land there are people who would help ill-used animals if they could, and it exists to show them how it can be done. It is one of the ideas the C.N. lives for, and we must help it on.

CARRYING POWER ACROSS A RIVER

ELECTRICITY FOR THE CLYDE

How a Very Difficult Bit of
Electrical Work is Being Done

GLASGOW'S NEW LANDMARKS

Until the other day, old Dumbarton Castle, on its lonely rock by the river's edge, and the great steel gantries and travelling cranes of the Glasgow shipbuilding yards, were the loftiest erections on the banks of the Clyde.

But a correspondent who recently paid a visit to the second city in Great Britain, travelling there by sea from Land's End, writes that Clydeside has now something loftier than these familiar landmarks. The newcomers are two great "Eiffel Towers" standing on opposite sides of the Clyde at Renfrew and Yoker, part of the new electrical distribution scheme.

A Busy River

The smaller towers for carrying the cables are already becoming familiar in many parts of the country. It is when they come to a busy river like the Clyde that the engineers find things difficult. It is not that the Clyde is such a wide stream; the trouble is that it is such a busy and well-used river.

There are technical objections to the simple course of laying the cables under the bed of the river. Most of these are electrical difficulties, but an additional one is that the river-bed can only be kept deep enough for big ships by constant dredging. There is a saying that "If the Clyde made Glasgow, Glasgow made the Clyde." It is said that in the memory of mothers of men now living the river was so shallow at Glasgow that it could be crossed on stepping-stones. But the patient dredging which has made it a navigable river would be likely to interfere with any cables across its bed.

High Above the Masts

On the other hand, the funnels and masts of modern ships stretch so high into the air that it is a difficult matter to carry great cables high above them. Yet this is the only way electricity can be taken across the Clyde. So these huge towers nearly 300 feet high have been erected a thousand feet apart at Renfrew on the South bank and at Yoker on the North, and between these places seven high-power cables are now being stretched 228 feet above high-water.

All traffic up and down the Clyde is being stopped for three hours while the first step in linking the towers is being taken. This will involve the hauling high up on the Renfrew tower of one end of a pilot line. After it has been threaded over a pulley the end will be dropped again, seized, and carefully conveyed to a gang of men in a boat, who will then ferry across the river with it. When it has been landed on the other side another winch will haul the line to a pulley on the Yoker tower. It will be threaded over this in turn, lowered again to the ground, and ferried back across the river.

Insulators Seven Feet Long

Then will arise the difficult task of making the end, or perhaps more correctly the beginning, fast to the pilot line about 2000 feet down its length, so that it forms a loop (or endless band) running over pulleys at each end.

The great power cables, one by one, will then be grappled to this pilot line, and carried across the river by it as it turns over its pulleys at each end. The cables will be fixed on each tower to insulators over seven feet long, and weighing a quarter of a ton each.

It is said that this job has provided the engineers with one of the most difficult pieces of wiring they have had to tackle. Nowhere else in Scotland has there been such a busy waterway to be crossed, or so many cables to be carried.

THE OVERSEAS ROLL

A WAR IDEA WORTH CARRYING ON

Keeping in Remembrance Those Who Leave Us for Far Away
THE EMPIRE AS A HOMELY PLACE

An Overseas Roll has been prepared for churches and schools on which the names are to be written down of all the people of a parish, or congregation, or school who are now overseas.

In the dark days of the war there were Rolls of the men and women who were on active service; but active service did not end when the war ended, and still from every parish and school there have gone out to the ends of the Earth men and women and children serving in peace as others served in war. To keep them in remembrance this Roll is being prepared.

Viceroy and Working-Lad

It is a very simple Roll; the only words are these:

Unite them with us, O Lord, in the love of Thy name and in the service of Thy kingdom.

Such a Roll will not be limited to famous men or to those of noble rank. It will have, close to each other, the names of a viceroy and a working-lad now farming on the plains of Canada. There will be the missionary, of course, but no less of course the engineer building the bridges and laying the rails. Some will be in the East, some in the West. Soldiers and sailors and airmen will be in the list, with doctors and nurses and teachers.

It is some years ago since Mr. Kipling sang his song of the English:

Also, we will make promise: So long as The Blood endures, I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that my strength is yours.

This is something like the thought which will come into many minds when they see the Overseas Roll.

Children of the Church

When we go to our church in the days to come we shall pass the Roll and think that the church is a much bigger place than it used to be. Its children are far away, East and West, North and South, but they are still children of St. Paul's, or of Trinity, Presbyterian, or of the Tabernacle. We shall catch glimpses of them and they will speak to us from the lonely outposts and the new cities and the islands of the seas; and we shall speak for them when the prayers are said.

And when the word of the Roll goes round the world (the C.N. will carry it) the settlers of our name will be glad their name will be still kept in mind in the old church and the old school.

So these Overseas Rolls may become like lines of communication across which the distant sons of our people will speak to us and we to them.

Loyalty and Reverence

The Empire is a vast thing, and we think of it with loyalty and reverence. It may come to mean something more real and friendly when, as we pass into church, we see the names of those who once sat in the next pew or lived in the same street or went to the same school. The Empire will be a homely place when we see that it means John Smith, farmer; Tom Jones, Governor-General; Septimus Robinson, missionary; Robert MacTavish, manager of an insurance company; Wilkins Micawber, mayor of Somewhere or Other.

It will only be by such personal ties that we shall understand what a fair inheritance is ours. And, saying a little prayer for these absent members, we shall be recalling the fact that they and we are under the same Heaven and serve the same Eternal Father.

(Why not ask your people, innocently like, whether they have heard of this, and, if not, whether they might ask the minister about it?)

1000 MOTORS UP ALOFT

A GARAGE WONDER OF THE WORLD

The Automatic Parker in New York and How it Works
LIKE A FAIRY TALE

Another wonder has been added to the seventy times seventy wonders of the world.

A skyscraper garage has been opened near Third Avenue in New York, and it is claimed that any car in this huge building can be delivered in three minutes to the owner without having been touched by hand.

This seems like a fairy-tale when one thinks of the many floors of the garage. Surely only a genie could pick out and fetch Uncle Sam's Ford Sedan in such a short time from 999 other cars parked storey after storey above each other?

Things That Are Avoided

In this garage nearly all the work of shifting, shunting, and starting cars has been eliminated by the invention of automatic parkers and by the use of a set of three high-speed lifts in the centre of the building.

The automatic parker is a little device which slides out from one of the lifts as the car enters the garage to be parked. As soon as the driver leaves the car this runs out under the machine, raises one end and pulls it swiftly into the lift. At the same moment another automatic parker is whipping another car into the lift from the other side. They are whizzed upward at the rate of a floor a second. Before the liftman can say Jack Robinson he has reached a space signalled as vacant by a system of lights. He opens the door and, quick as thought, another lever pushes the car forward on its parker into its allotted space.

Quick Work

As the liftman descends he may see a signal telling him to bring down a car from some other floor. Again he opens the door, the parker picks up the car, and it is delivered to its owner.

A very small proportion of New York's almost priceless ground space is used for the garage. Instead of spreading out it soars upward into the air which (as yet) costs nothing a foot.

Chicago has hit on nearly the same idea as New York in dealing with the parked cars obstruction in her streets. A huge unseen garage has been built as a core to a 550-foot high building, and round this are arranged the offices.

The High-Speed Lift

In this garage 700 cars can be parked and removed with amazing speed. Instead of being raised and pushed by the automatic parker a car is placed on a small platform which tilts until the machine runs forward into the lift on to another tilter. When the high-speed lift stops and the door is opened the car is once more tilted until it runs into its garage space, and by a reversing of this process it can be taken out again.

It has often been suggested that roof space should be used for parking, and a means of lifting the cars and of levelling and strengthening the housetops could probably be found by the unquarable mind of man.

These two new garages seem to be in the same region of achievement, and the idea will probably save us from garaging on the housetops.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of paintings by H. Robert . . .	£5890
Portrait by Ingres	£5720
A suit of armour	£5000
Painting by Canaletto	£1575
16th-century Flemish tapestry . . .	£1470
Portrait by Lawrence	£714
A manuscript of Coleridge	£590

NEWS OF AN EEL

Measuring Its Electric Shock

We all know the eel-like fish called a torpedo, which can give a nasty electric shock to anyone who touches it.

Scientists at a French University have been measuring the amount of electricity it gives off, and have discovered the interesting fact that the eel shrinks every time it administers a shock.

When an enemy touches the electric eel, whether it be another fish or a human being, the eel contracts its length and becomes thicker in its body, generates a current at a pressure of twenty volts, and then, a tenth of a second later, generates a second current at fifty volts pressure. While this shock is quite mild if a human being touches the electric fish, it is enough to stun another fish, which thus becomes an easy prey to it.

CAN THE CLIMATE KEEP IT UP?

Be Careful with the Water

England is very dry; for six months the clouds have dropped on it only half its usual supply of water.

In towns the absence of rain is little felt in any inconvenient way. The water still flows from the taps. Londoners continue to water their gardens though the Thames runs low.

It is hard to believe that the river is feeling the drought when 530 million gallons a day flow over the weirs, and though this is only two-thirds of the right quantity, the Water Board is not alarmed. All the Board asks is that people on the Kent side of London shall be careful.

The Board probably thinks that the English climate cannot keep it up much longer. Six months' excess of sunshine and little rain—it must pour soon!

FRESH AIR FOR THE MIND

Better Designs for Better Homes

When William Morris set up his workshop for making beautiful the common things of everyday life he did as great a service to our homes as the doctors who flooded stuffy Victorian rooms with fresh air; for the artist-poet opened the tightly-shut windows of people's minds and let in the spiritual fresh air of beauty.

This year's Industrial Designs Competition, organised by the Royal Society of Arts, shows that the influence of this artist is more at work than ever. There is a marked increase in competitors and designs, for nearly 800 more textile designs have been entered than in 1927, and 600 more posters and show-cards. As many as 140 specimens of fired pottery have been sent in for competition.

The designs will be judged this month and in August an exhibition of accepted designs will be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

A LITTER PRIZE

A Leicester reader send us this useful suggestion on the litter question.

When a number of us took our Sunday-school children, mostly quite young, into the country for their annual treat we had a large field for the occasion owned by a lady who caters for such parties.

The children dropped their papers here and there, but our ingenious entertainer put up a little notice offering a prize for the boy or girl who collected the most litter.

It was fun to watch the effect of that notice. Soon every bit was cleared up, and the field was as clean and tidy as when we raided it in the afternoon.

True to her word, the lady gave to a small boy aged six a lovely bag of sweets for the biggest collection.

THE ZOO'S ROCK GARDEN

A Surprise for a Visitor

THE SNAKE PRISONERS WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Last year the Zoo decided that its more hardy reptiles required an outdoor enclosure in which they could live all the year round and lead a natural existence, so an elaborate rock garden was built.

All the needs of the grass snakes, vipers, lizards, and toads destined to live in the little garden were catered for. Rock flowers were planted; ponds, fountains, and accommodation for hibernating were provided; and as there were no bars or glass to separate the exhibits from visitors the whole enclosure had to be partitioned off from the public walk by means of a low wall.

But although the Zoo officials were careful to build a wall so curved on the inner side that the reptiles could not possibly climb over it they made one mistake—forgetting that snakes can climb trees, they planted a spreading tree in one corner of the garden.

One Hot Day

Until the warm weather arrived all went well, for the reptiles were sluggish; but when the hot sun began to shine on them they grew active, with the result that a few of the visitors to the gardens had a nasty surprise.

One hot day when they were standing near the tree, watching the lizards basking in the sunshine, they suddenly felt something fall on to them, and discovered to their horror that it was a snake. Some of the grass snakes had climbed the tree, crawled along the branches, and sought a means of escaping into the gardens.

Fortunately, as they were only grass snakes, and harmless, they were soon replaced in the enclosure, and the visitors were none the worse for their experience. But the rock garden is also the home of vipers, and the bite of a viper can be fatal to children and those in poor health; so the Zoo had to take steps to prevent the snakes from climbing the tree. A mushroom-shaped erection was at once placed round the trunk of the tree, and as the inner side of this barrier is deeply curved like the wall there is no danger of the snakes managing to scale it.

A Great Success

Apart from this one mistake the rock garden is a great success, for the exhibits show to advantage in surroundings similar to those Nature intended for them. Brilliant lizards of all sizes are to be seen running swiftly over the rocks, while families of toads bathe in the pools; and when the weather is particularly warm the snakes are so extraordinarily active that they seem to be dancing in the sunlight as they wriggle on a hot stone or glide about their home.

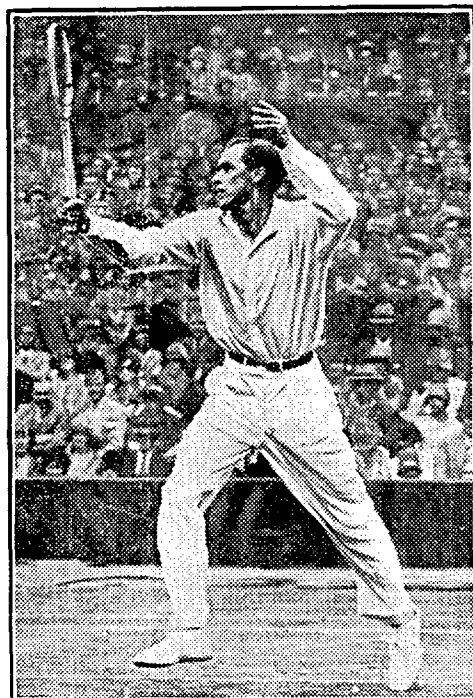
But as they are leading a natural life they are frequently cruel, and it is by no means unusual for a snake to attack a lizard or try to swallow a live toad. The helpless struggle of the victim is a terrible sight, especially when the onlooker remembers that the large constricting snakes have the power to bring large mammals to the same untimely end.

THE PUSHFUL MUSHROOM

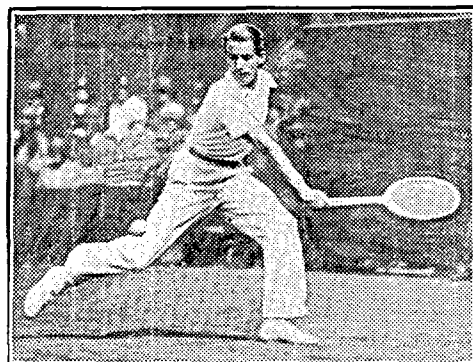
A striking example of the power of life over death has been seen at Hyson Green, Nottingham, where a strong asphalt pavement was forced up by a clump of mushrooms growing underneath.

A big bulge developed in the pavement, and when the asphalt was removed huge mushrooms as big as dinner plates were found. The mushrooms covered an area of over two feet, and some of them had stalks three inches thick.

PICTURES FROM WIMBLEDON • A THRILLING PARACHUTE DESCENT



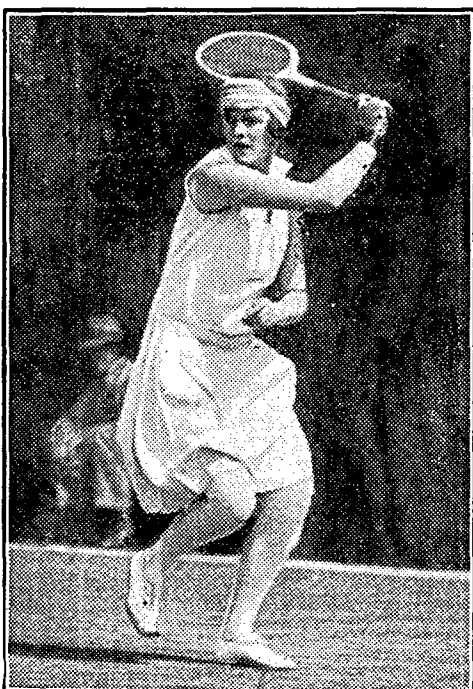
W. T. Tilden



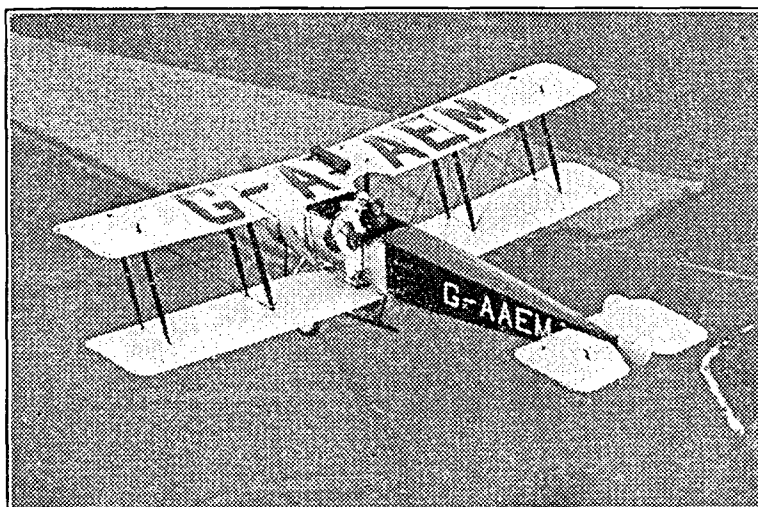
H. W. Austin



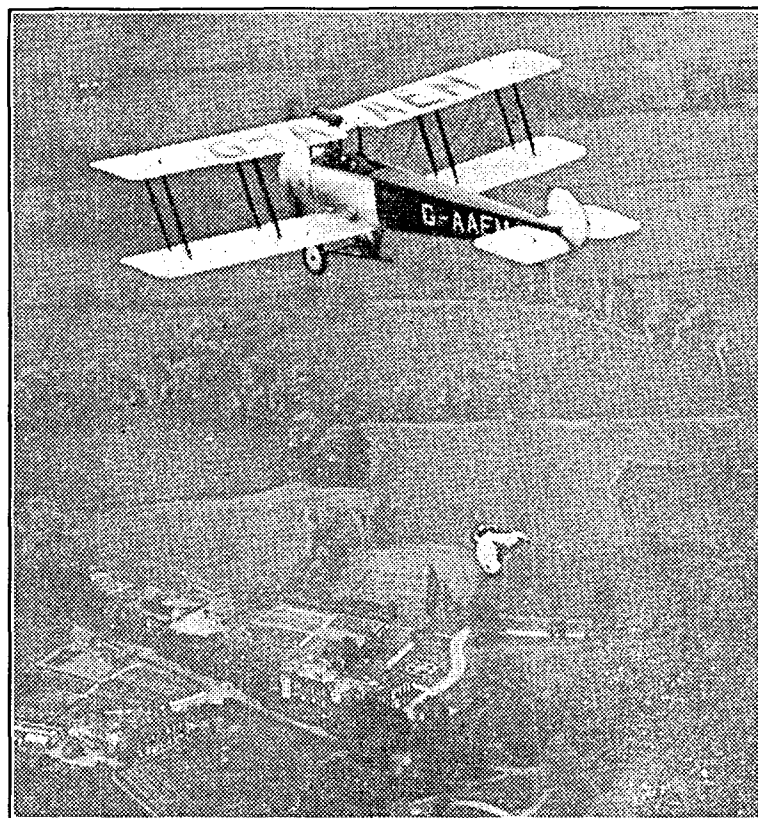
Mrs. Mollquham



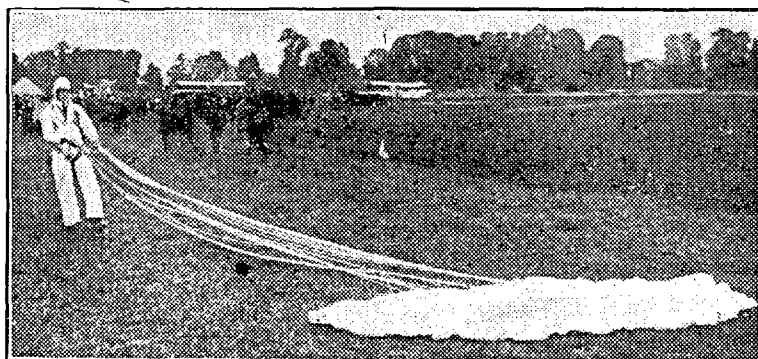
Miss Joan Ridley



Ready to jump from the aeroplane



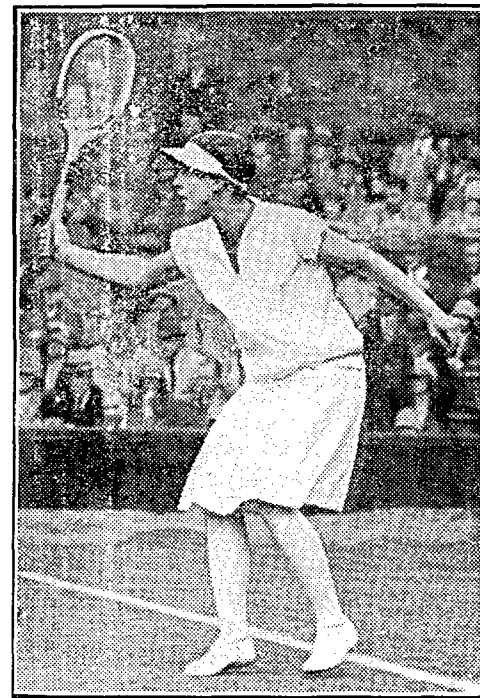
Just before the parachute opens



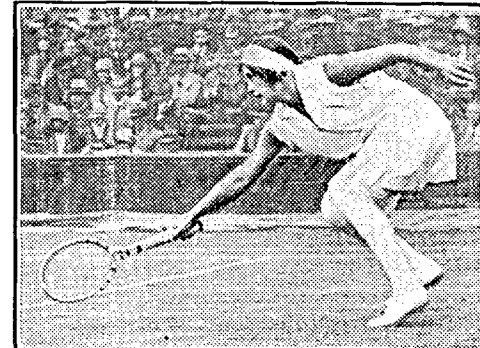
A safe landing



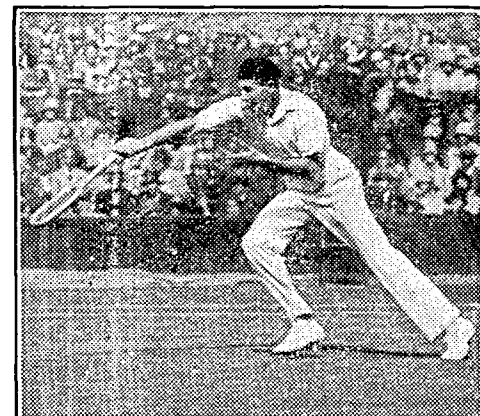
The airman folds up his parachute and walks away



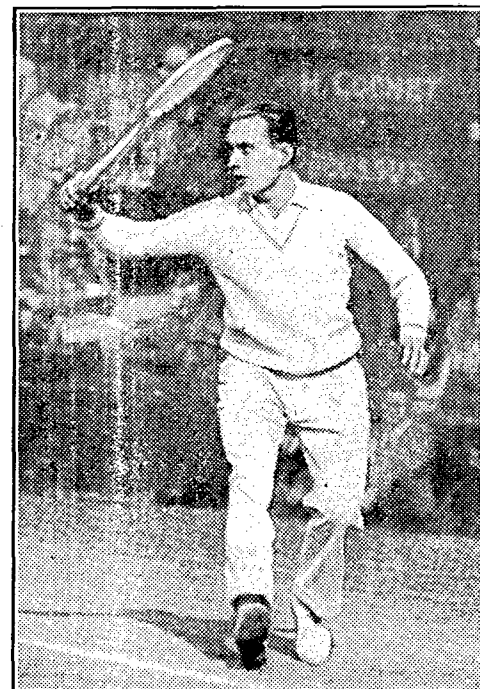
Miss Helen Wills



Miss Helen Jacobs



Jean Borotra



Henri Cochet

The Tennis Championships at Wimbledon attracted more attention than ever this year. See page 2.

Parachute descents will be among the exciting events in the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon this Saturday. These pictures show how they are done.

On this page we show some outstanding players in the last stages of the tennis championships.

PARLIAMENT'S BIG THING

Sweeping Away the Slums

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AND WHAT MUST BE DONE

By a Man Who Knows

How to Abolish the Slums. By E. D. Simon, M.P. (Longmans, 4s. 6d.)

Two very big things the new Parliament has to do, one for the nation and one for the world.

It has to do what can be done to establish peace on the Earth and goodwill to men, and it has to abolish the slums, which are the shame of every man who lives in these islands.

We are glad to call attention to a book which at this convenient time gives us the facts about the slums on the authority of one who knows them.

The housing of working families is unquestionably the most important social question before this generation, and this is the book that everyone who wishes to understand the question should read.

The Large Cities

Mr. Simon, whose return to Parliament people of all parties will welcome, has studied the question thoroughly from the point of view of large cities and towns, leaving aside London, with its special problems, and housing in rural districts. He illustrates his arguments from Manchester and Birmingham, where the problem has been treated experimentally on a considerable scale, and he approaches the problem without prejudices, studies it frankly and unshrinkingly, and states with exactness what ought to be done, what can be done, and what it would be futile to try to do.

A National Reproach

The need for a great system of housing to remove a national reproach will not be denied by anyone who fairly faces this honest book. In it the reader can find sound information collected by patient labour and careful judgment. Millions of people are inadequately and unhealthily housed, without a reasonable chance of bringing up a family in health and decency, and that state of things will continue unless it is once for all ended according to a fixed plan. Mr. Simon claims to have such a plan. It would be effectual; it can be carried out; and the nation can afford it. Those are his contentions.

What the Country Needs

The country needs 100,000 new houses every year for increase of population and renewals of houses that have become unsatisfactory. Since the war a million houses have been built. That accounts for the necessary renewals. But the want of accommodation at the end of the war was terrible, and it has not been made up. Besides, the new houses have not been built for the people who are most badly housed. They have been more expensive houses for the most part, and have been occupied by people somewhat better off. So there is an accumulation of comparatively poor people in the worst houses that is appalling to think of. This book abounds with terrible facts, leading down to instances in Glasgow of 13 people living and sleeping in one room and a two-roomed house where 29 people lived.

What is the requirement in rooms for housing a family that ought always to be provided? The answer is—at least, two rooms for living in by day and three rooms for sleeping in by night, that is to say, a bedroom for the parents,

THE OLD LADY MAKING BAGS

One of the prettiest living pictures in London is an old lady of 92, with snow-white hair, working, working all day long for the poorest people of Bromley-by-Bow.

She is not rich, except in kindness, but you can help others in little ways if you cannot endow hospital wards or build model houses. She makes beaded net covers to keep flies out of baby's milk, and knitted squares so that Tom and Mary and Jill may each have their own "face flannel," and cretonne bags that can be hung on a nail, because so many slum mothers have no cupboards and most of their possessions must be kept in bags.

The Bow Common Area

This charming old lady is the mother of our friend Miss Clara Grant, Warden of the Fern Street Settlement, Devons Road, Bromley-by-Bow, London, E. Mrs. Grant's school work long since taught her the needs of the poverty-encompassed families in the fifteen poorest streets of the Bow Common Area, and in 1900 she started to help.

Now the Settlement runs children's libraries, sales of clothing where the poorest mothers can buy second-hand garments very cheaply, handicraft classes, a cradle club, a Christmas parcel club, a sort of medical club to help poor folk to get spectacles, surgical instruments, holidays, and milk, and, last but not least, the Farthing Bundle.

The Farthing Bundle

The poor children struggle desperately to be allowed to buy the bundles, but people must wait their turns, and there are never enough bundles. Old toys, Christmas cards, puzzles, scraps of stuff or ribbon for dressing dollie, these go to make up the Farthing Bundle so prized in the East End.

Next to the Farthing Bundle, perhaps the Library brings the greatest joy, and every book goes through many hands. One evidently passed from a lover to his lass, for this verse was pencilled on the flyleaf:

*I shall pass by your window
When no one is near
To wish you good heaving,
Good heaving, my dear.*

We would not wish our worst enemy good heaving, but no doubt he meant well.

It is a happy thing to think that if one woman starts a good work dozens of others will carry it forward. From one little candle lit by a school teacher in Bow a great light of love and neighbourliness has shone into many, many lives.

Continued from the previous column

one for the boys of the family, and another for the girls. Nothing less should be contemplated.

Houses of this type need to be built before the present unsuitable, verminous slum districts are cleared away. Anyone who wants to know how it can be done and paid for, so that within one generation slums will have disappeared, must find it in Mr. Simon's book.

Of course costs vary immensely between the central parts of great cities and country places. In none of his instances of what has been done, or can be done, does Mr. Simon combine such satisfactory accommodation with low rental within reach of the ordinary worker's purse as has been secured under the Cambridge Scheme recently mentioned in the C.N., which gives a three-bedroomed house in a town at 7s. 6d. a week rent. Reasonable housing is coming nearer, and nothing could be a greater blessing. This book gives it a strong forward push by making the facts of the problem quite clear.

THE LITTER LOU'S WORST CRIME

Broken-Bottle Danger

WILLIAM WILLETT WOOD IMPERILLED

From a school on the Kent coast comes an appeal against the worst of all the forms of thoughtless litter, the worst because it is dangerous as well as unsightly.

Last year one of the boys from the school cut his foot badly on glass from a broken bottle while bathing from the sands. This year, in the first week of bathing, another boy had to be rushed in his bathing costume hastily to the doctor with a dangerous cut made in the same way—a cut that only just missed a tendon. For some time that unfortunate boy will be out of bathing and cricket. The boys now will have to wear rope shoes while bathing, a handicap against learning to swim.

Girl Guide Promptitude

We all know that wherever picnic parties go, on shore or heath or woodland, broken bottles are left behind, or whole bottles which soon become broken. Such dangerous thoughtlessness would be unbelievable were it not forced on the attention everywhere. It involves suffering to mankind and to animals, damage to rubber tyres, and the grave risk of fire. Only the other day a fire was caused by broken glass in Pett Wood, Chislehurst, lately opened by the National Trust as a memorial to William Willett, the founder of Summer Time. But for the prompt action of two Girl Guides, aided by a few passing helpers, the wood might have suffered serious damage. The picnicker's pleasure ends in a trail of destructiveness.

Our correspondent suggests that the B.B.C. might well add to its usefulness a special broadcast reminder of the dangers of this vicious practice, for it is evident that only by repeated appeals can a reasonable thoughtfulness be instilled into the minds of the multitude on pleasure bent.

WHO FOUND AMERICA?

Columbus, Leif Ericsson, or an Irishman?

Columbus discovered the New World according to most of the schoolbooks; the Vikings discovered it according to other books; the Chinese found it earlier still according to legend.

But the American House of Representatives is now so much like the United States of Europe in its representatives that claims are not to be passed there without scrutiny.

In a debate there the Member for North Dakota, where many Scandinavian immigrants live to become 100-per-cent American citizens, mentioned Leif Ericsson (1000 A.D.) as the discoverer. But members representing Italian constituencies at once jumped up to repudiate indignantly explorers of whom they had never heard. Columbus (1492) was their man, and they could name the day—October 12.

Then arose the Irish members, strong always for tradition, with a claim for an Irish navigator of the glorious days of the sixth century, when Feargus and his brother Daniel jointly reigned in Ireland.

The House of Representatives, rather hazy about Irish history, settled the question by peacefully agreeing to vote £10,000 for a statue to Leif Ericsson in discharge of all claims.

And now Longfellow is no longer justified:

*I was a Viking bold,
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song hath told,
No Saga taught thee.*

The statue will tell the world after all.

THE GIRL AT THE WICKET

OLD DAYS COMING BACK

The Women Cricketers Who Toured the Country Long Ago

A HISTORIC DAY FOR BOWLING

A feature of modern sport is the number of cricket clubs for girls which have come into existence. They have their leagues and tournaments and friendly matches as men have, and the players are thought revolutionary.

Competitions of this sort are new, but cricket for women is not. Women have played the game from time to time for over a century. In the old days matches for prizes between women were not uncommon, though the records suggest that the play must have been as farcical as that in the match which Dickens so astonishingly misdescribes in Pickwick.

How the Girls Played

But years ago, before the war, there must have been a considerable body of feminine talent in cricket, for two teams of Englishwomen toured the country playing cricket matches in public. The parents of the girls who are now playing the game will perhaps remember them. On the field they wore costumes of thin cream serge bordered with blue; sailor blouses and skirts of the length now common for walking; stoutish tennis shoes; and, of course, pads for the "batsmen" and wicket-keepers.

They played really capital cricket. They batted correctly and bowled over-arm, and the fielders astonished men critics by throwing with accuracy and strength. It was expected that the game would become generally popular among women as the result of these exhibitions, but the teams passed out of existence and nothing happened.

Woman's part in cricket, however, is more important than the rise and dissolution of two touring elevens. One girl completely altered the game. She was the sister of a number of cricketing brothers who all played cricket at home. They used to get her out to field for them, and they made her bowl. It is a way brothers have.

Origin of Round-arm Bowling

It was the time when skirts were long, and stiffened by wide hoops of whalebone; the time, also, of bowling under-hand. The girl found it extremely difficult to deliver the ball, as her hand was impeded by the hoops of her bulging skirt. So, instead of bowling under-hand, she raised her hand to the level of her shoulder and bowled round-arm. At first her brothers laughed, then they grumbled, for the young minx was hitting their wickets. Thereupon they tried the round-arm delivery and found that they could bowl opponents out the same way.

They introduced the new method into matches, and caused consternation among opposing batsmen. From that family game round-arm bowling spread from club to club, and club players took the style with them when they reached county rank. From round-arm bowling over-arm bowling was gradually evolved, and the style has reached every ground in the world where cricket is played: all dating back to the trick perfected by an original girl pitching up balls to her brothers in an English garden.

LITTLE JOHN

The people of Nottingham are already calling the clock on their fine new Council House, looking very small and neat on the great dome, by the happy name of Little John—a name which seems very fit in Robin Hood's town.

TWO PLANETS CLOSE TOGETHER

JUPITER AND VENUS
How to See a Star Pass Behind the Moon

WHAT IS APOGEE?

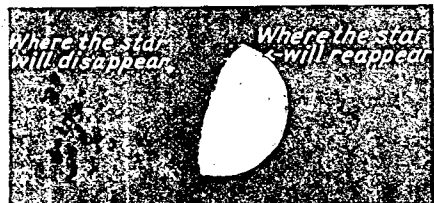
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Sunday, July 14, the planets Venus and Jupiter will appear quite close together in the morning sky, and by 10 o'clock will be in conjunction, as it is called. Venus will then be due south of Jupiter, the planets apparently at their nearest to one another. Venus will appear a little more than four times the Moon's width away from Jupiter. A telescope will be necessary to see them at that time, however.

But in the early morning, say before 4 o'clock, they may be seen in the north-east sky, rather low down, Venus being much the brighter.

The bright star Aldebaran may be seen about the same distance below Venus as Jupiter is above, and on the morning of the 15th the three will be almost in a line. During the whole of next week this region of the sky will thus be both interesting and beautiful in the early dawn.

The Moon will pass in front of the star Lambda in Virgo on Sunday evening.



Where Lambda in Virgo will pass behind the Moon

occulting it for three-quarters of an hour. The star is of only $4\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude, and, though easily seen on a moonless night, will be quite imperceptible in the moonlight unless field-glasses are used.

A few minutes before 10 o'clock the star may be seen close to the left, unlit, side of the Moon; but it will be very faint owing to the twilight. At one minute past 10 o'clock Lambda will suddenly disappear behind the dark, invisible edge of the Moon at the point indicated in the picture.

The star's reappearance at 47 minutes past 10 from behind the Moon's bright edge will be difficult to see owing to the Moon's radiance. A good telescope is required to observe this.

Moon at Her Farthest

The Moon will be at Apogee, or her farthest from the Earth, on Friday, July 19, a distance of 252,350 miles separating the centre of the Earth from the centre of the Moon. This is exceptionally distant and farther than she has been or will be this year, except a month ago, when she was about a hundred miles farther off.

Some twelve or thirteen times a year the Moon recedes from the Earth to what is called Apogee, when she is about 30,000 miles more distant than when she is at Perigee, or her nearest. The utmost difference is 31,247 miles. So next Friday the Moon's diameter will appear one-seventh less than when at Perigee on July 6.

As we observe the Moon from the surface and not the centre of the Earth she is nearly 4000 miles nearer; moreover, the centre of the Moon's face is 1000 miles nearer than the edge. Then, again, she is between 2000 and 3000 miles nearer to us in Britain when due south and high in the sky than when she is either rising or setting. The distance varies very much, depending upon her altitude and the time of the year.

The speed at which the Moon travels round the Earth also varies. She will be at her slowest next Friday. On an average it is 3350 feet a second, faster than a shot leaves a rifle. Yet how still and serene she seems! G. F. M.

AT SCHOOL AMONG THE ALPS

A Little Letter to the C.N.

We gladly find a corner for this letter from an English schoolgirl in Switzerland. We think it will interest our readers as the natural outpouring of the mind of a little modern lady.

Blonay sur Vevey

This is what we see here on a lovely summer's day.

South—The blue lake of Geneva, and over the lake the white tips of the Alps peeping out of the heat haze; then the blue sky going up and up and up into nothing.

North—A lovely field of God's garden with every flower imaginable in it, and then the bright, steep green slopes of Les Pleiades, with the dark green velvet of the pines.

East—The snowless, rocky peak of the Dent de Jaman and the lovely snowy fields of the Rochers de Naye; and beyond, the stately peaks of the Dent du Midi. There are five of them, and on the highest is a cross.

West—The flatter, mysterious Jura and Geneva.

The Litter Lout

Even in all this beauty the Litter Lout is here, shying into every nook and cranny a bit of paper or orange-peel.

The faults of Switzerland: things that ought to be stopped. 1. Killing pigs in the village street. 2. Manure heaps up against the houses under windows. 3. Sheets of tin over the windows of the Vevey prison to prevent the light from coming in. 4. Chaining-up very young puppies to be watchdogs. 5. Chaining-up watchdogs and very seldom letting them off. 6. Starving watchdogs to make them fierce.

I could beat, flay, and burn people who are cruel to animals. Couldn't you?

I am going to tell you of interesting places I have visited. Source of the Waters of Aix-les-Bains. (If it bores you you can skip it.) Going up a steep road you come to a little house with a big notice up to say it is the Source of the Waters. Coming in, a Frenchwoman gives you candles and leads you along a concrete passage till you come to the rock which has been eaten into by the waters to form great caves.

Sometimes you hear the roar of the waters not far off.

Where the Water Rushes

As you go in it gets hotter and hotter, with a strong smell of sulphur in the air. Then you come out into a large natural hall at the side of which rushes the water. If you lean over the piling you are nearly choked by the sulphur fumes and steam. (What spoils it all is that people scrawl their names all over the stone.) As you return, when you reach the concrete the woman opens a lid in the floor and if you put your hand in it is nearly swept away by the force of the warm water.

My haunts. 1. The attic. I have put some quilts into a box, and up there I have piles of books and read and read without being interrupted. 2. The wood-shed, where I read in hot days. 3. A bushy place—three sides bush, one side my doll's house, and only the front where I can see over the meadow to the lake and the Alps. There I go to think.

Questions: Are microbes alive? If so do they move, feel, and breathe like us? In what form are they? Can we see them?

Lots of love to you and the C.N.

JANET BOSWORTH SMITH

A MOVE ON AT RYE

Rye Lifeboat Disaster Fund, which has been very badly administered so far, has been satisfactorily fixed up by the Attorney-General.

One thousand pounds is to be given to each of the five widows, and £250 to the parents of each unmarried son lost. This will use up about £8000, leaving about £25,000 to be administered by the Public Trustee and a local committee.

OLD COTTAGES MADE COMFORTABLE

Devonshire's Lead to the Counties

A VERY GOOD THING BEING DONE

We all love a beautiful old cottage, but we all know that the hideous new bungalow is more comfortable to live in.

Yet there is no reason why the beautiful old cottage should not be made as comfortable and healthy as the newest house. Thanks to the Housing (Rural Workers) Act of 1926 it can be done quite cheaply.

Devon has shown her good taste by taking greater advantage of the scheme than any other county. She wants her working-people to have comfortable homes, and she does not want her lovely countryside ruined by bungalow growths. A great number of the houses to be reconstructed thus are owned by the folk who live in them. Devon is going to spend about £50,000 on saving these old dwellings, and the charge on the county rate will be less than one-sixth of a penny in the pound for twenty years.

The Improvement Scheme

This is what happens. The owner draws up a scheme for improving his house, with an estimate of the cost. If the Ministry of Health says it is wholesome, and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England says it will not destroy the historic or artistic interest of the building, a grant is made by the County Council and the Government pays half the cost.

The average cost of the work carried out is about £192 a dwelling and the average grant is £94.

Here is sound economy. If these old cottages were not reconstructed they would before long become unfit for human habitation. Then an expensive housing scheme would have to be undertaken, and rows of bleak houses would take the place of the old cottages where families have lived for generations.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Grintern?

A compartment in a granary. The word is used by Thomas Hardy in his Wessex poems. When Did George I Begin to Reign and How Long Did His Reign Last?

He was proclaimed King on the day Queen Anne died, August 1, 1714, and he reigned till his death on June 12, 1727, not quite 13 years.

Is a Potato a Vegetable or a Tuber?

Both. Vegetable is strictly a term for any member of the plant kingdom, but in common use it means a part of a plant, leaves, root, or stalk, which we cook and eat as a savoury dish. The potatoes we cook are tubers of the plant.

What is the Colour of the Lesser Whitethroat's Egg?

Dull or creamy white, spotted and blotched with purplish grey, slate colour, and olive brown, the marks being often in zones. The colour and markings vary a good deal in individual eggs.

Why Does a Stick Appear Bent When Standing in Water?

Because the rays of light reaching our eye from the part of the stick which is in the water are bent, and the stick appears to be in a position that it is not really in. This action of light in changing its direction as it passes through different substances, from air to water for instance, is called refraction.

What Are the Seven Wonders of the World Today?

There is no recognised list of Modern Wonders of the World, which might include such things as the Eiffel Tower and the Nile Dam. In the Middle Ages the Seven Wonders were reckoned to be the Colosseum at Rome, the Catacombs at Alexandria, the Great Wall of China, Stonehenge, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nanking, and the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.



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and
Energy

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The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

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LIFE IN AN AFRICAN SCHOOL

About two months ago the C.N. told how glad the teachers were in an African school on the French Ivory Coast at Abidjan when the ten girls in the school began to show enough spirit to be a little mischievous. Now we have received a further account of that school which shows what a school in western Africa is really like.

The school is held in the church of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the writer of this description of the children (Miss H. M. Hughes) is a teacher there, so that it is natural that she should talk personally to our children of the C.N. This is what she says.

If you lived here you would know that the day when the post arrives is nearly as exciting as a birthday. Today it brought two lovely surprises. One was a photograph of the schoolchildren here, who had never before seen a photograph of themselves; and the other was the story in the C.N. of the Ten Bad Little Girls. Looking round at the real boys and girls here I feel I must tell you some more about them.

Just over a year ago few of them had ever been to school. Few had seen a book. What a crowd came to school on the first day—six hundred of them, and more on the following days. But there is only room for 100 fortunate ones.

Church as a Day School

If you could peep through the door you would see them all—or at least most of them—at work in the church, for the church is used as a day school till the glad day comes when we have a real school building. Curly-headed and black-faced, some are wearing African clothes, and others the kind of suits children wear in England. All are barefooted.

They find it an advantage to be barefooted, because when they have finished counting by their ten fingers they can continue to count by their ten toes, though they have to learn not to put their feet on the desks to do so. One day I saw two boys working out sums, and when one had used up all his own fingers and toes he went on counting by another boy's toes!

What do they learn? Well, first they have to learn French. There are five native languages here, and even if there could be a teacher for each of these languages there are no books for them. So all learn French at the school.

A Splendid New Game

They love their school lessons. School is just a splendid new game for them; and so far they have never heard of examinations! It is often hard to persuade them to leave their books or their multiplication tables and go out to play. They prefer to take their books out with them.

Teaching them to play games is much harder than teaching them to do their lessons, unless the game is football. They play football barefooted, but still they manage to kick the ball to the top of the tall oil-palm trees, and have to climb up to get it down again.

Many of them walk three or four miles to and from school, and also many of them have left their own villages to live

in villages nearer the school. Some come to school by canoe, and often it is the schoolboys who paddle the canoe that takes the missionary into the villages on the Sunday afternoons.

A number stay in school at midday and eat their lunch there. Would you like to know what they eat? Of course they eat bananas. Not the sort you like best, but big, coarse, green bananas. Often they eat them cooked. And they eat big, juicy oranges sometimes, but these, too, are green, although they are quite ripe. But bananas and oranges are not the things they like best.

Favourite Foods

Dried fish and tcheke are their favourite foods. They bring with them, wrapped up in a big leaf, rolls of little fishes packed into rings. Tcheke is made from manioc, and they love to eat it with palm oil.

After lunch they draw pails of water from the well, and when the bell goes they gather round the pails to receive a distribution of soap, and after that there is much washing of hands, for dirty hands mean that no exercise books would be given out—and that would be a terrible punishment.

School week ends on Saturday morning, but school is not quite over. One of the biggest and most difficult lessons to learn is that what we learn is not just for ourselves but should be shared with someone else. If someone has taught us to read we must teach someone else to read, and if we have a school we must teach those who have no school. And who do you think the teachers are? Why, a few of the day-school children!

A Training Class

On Saturday afternoon some of the day-school children, those who best understand French, meet together in a training class. They hear a Bible story told in French and they tell it over many times in their own language. Then, on Sunday mornings, they each tell the story to a little group. Also they teach hymns in their own language, and help the children for whom there is no day school to share in some of the best things they have learned at school themselves.

Perhaps one day some of them will be real teachers. We hope so, for there are many, many children here on this Ivory Coast of French West Africa who are waiting and waiting for teachers.

British children are very lucky, don't you think?

THE WHITE MAN AND THE BROWN MAN

THERE was once a white man who could not endure the way certain white traders cheated natives in the market-place, so he gave a ready reckoner to an old brown farmer friend of his.

Next week the native offered his wares at so much a pound, and the trader said "Very well, six pounds will be so much."

The native, consulting his ready reckoner, replied "No, sir; it will be more than that."

"Let me look at your book," said the trader. Then he returned it with a contemptuous laugh, saying "Why, it is last year's!"

The poor farmer had no thought of replying that the multiplication table was immutable. He knew calendars changed, and so he submitted, and was cheated again.

Although Government officials do their best to suppress such abominable traders it is hard to detect them always. Perhaps the ways of the wicked will be made harder by the

newly-formed Native Development and Trust Company of South Africa. It is founded by natives and its capital is £25,000. Consider its aims:

To educate the native mind to the importance of acquiring interests in land and to the advantages of tenancy;

To advocate the establishment of permanent native settlements and small-holdings;

To maintain and open up channels of intercourse, self-help, and cooperation between native leaders, business men, and farmers;

To teach the shareholders and the native people the advantages of farm life over town life;

To ensure that the lands now owned by natives shall not decline in value or number, but shall be protected;

To teach and foster the agricultural instincts of the native people by introducing advanced methods of farming.

It is hard to see what a fair-minded man could object to in all this. Let us wish the company well.

A GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA

TURNING UP IN THE OLD GLASS HOUSE

Queer Story of the First Days of the Crystal Palace

GATE-CRASHER NUMBER ONE

Some fun and excitement were occasioned recently by the appearance on the Thames, on one of the most fashionable river days of the year, of a magnificent Chinese junk, with a seeming mandarin in charge and galley slaves paddling her over the water.

Things were not what they seemed. The vessel was indeed Chinese and a junk, but the mandarin was a white man in disguise; his "slaves" were a band of young English officers who had brought the strange craft home with them from Hong Kong, and with gongs and fireworks were making merry, in Chinese fashion, on the Thames.

A Superb Figure

The incident recalled one of a more sensational and diverting character which only the grandparents of the present generation will remember. It arose in connection with the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in the immense glass building which, transferred to the heights of Sydenham, has since been known as the Crystal Palace.

The Queen was there, resplendent upon a high dais, and there was an immense throng of the most distinguished people in the Empire. After the National Anthem had been sung the choir burst into the majestic Hallelujah Chorus, and while this was in progress a Chinese, superbly arrayed in the rich robes of his country, issued from the crowd and flung himself before the throne.

The Unexpected Guest

Who can this be? everyone asked. News of the Exhibition had gone to the ends of the Earth; had it brought the Emperor of China in secret to see the wonders which the palace of glass was housing. Nobody could answer. The Lord Chamberlain was perplexed, and in the confusion decided that the illustrious stranger had better be placed for the procession between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Wellington.

So, ambling along, with the greatest warrior in the world on one side and the head of the Church of England on the other, he made the tour of the Exhibition in company with the Royal Family and the leaders of the Empire, with a host of dignitaries from foreign lands.

The spectators were delighted at the sight, and so was he. It seemed that his dramatic arrival and the honours accorded him were a fitting crown to the solemnity and magnificence of the ceremony. There was no prouder man, no man more entirely satisfied with himself, in all that august assembly than the unexpected guest from China.

A Chinese Neptune

The next day the truth came out. People who go uninvited today are called gate-crashers. This Chinese was the most notable gate-crasher of the Victorian era. He was not the Emperor of China, he was neither a mandarin, nor an ambassador, nor a Chinese dignitary of any sort.

He was a kind of Chinese Neptune who had popped up out of the sea into the Thames. He, like these young Guardsmen of the modern river incident, had come in a Chinese junk. He had cast anchor in the Thames where all who would might visit him and examine the secrets of his strange craft on one condition—that they paid a shilling.

He was a voyaging showman of the sort Bret Harte had in mind when he wrote in another connection that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Heather Chinese is peculiar."

THE FRIENDS OF THE BODLEIAN

Ask and Ye Shall Receive

Dr. R. W. Chapman, who has been described as the Chief Friend much as another famous man is spoken of as the Chief Scout, had a very pleasant story to tell at the annual meeting of the Friends of the Bodleian the other day. It occurred to him some time ago to draw up a list of certain books which might help to fill the extraordinary gaps in the library.

The books, he knew, might be in any private library. The list was published from time to time in the quarterly Records of the Friends of the Bodleian, and almost at once parcels of books came in. They came from private persons, from booksellers, and often they were given. If a price had to be asked it was made very small. Such good and friendly help has made a great deal of difference to the state of the library. Other important additions have been made on which heavy money must needs be spent.

A Precious Friendship

The C.N. can remember quite well the Society of the Friends of the Bodleian being started in June, 1925. There is no one rich among them. In the book of honour where the names of the Friends are written there are scores who can only pay ten shillings a year, great numbers a guinea; a few who pay £5. Dr. Chapman talked very beautifully about books in that quiet, lovely room which Duke Humphrey of Gloucester built 500 years ago, where his only interruptor was a blackbird by the open-window.

Universities are always poor, said Dr. Chapman, and tend to neglect their libraries. That was why there were so many terrible gaps in the Bodleian shelves of so-called ordinary books as well as collectors' books. If someone is not up and doing the gaps will never be filled, for very quickly ordinary books become collectors' books, and there are thousands of libraries and collectors in America who are wanting them and cable for them the minute they see them in a catalogue.

The Friends went out of the meeting feeling that that friendship was a precious one.

ONE SLUM GONE And Another Going

Tabard Street area has become Tabard Garden, and another slum has gone from Southwark. Another, the slum area known as Zoar-street, on Bankside, is about to follow.

An area, when it is in London, never raises visions of a pleasant place to live in; but Tabard Garden is a pretty name, and handsome is as handsome does.

Where children lived in smell and squalor they will now play about these fine acres of flowers and grass and sunny walks. The children will be most blessed by this gift of light and air and verdure, but there is a special garden laid out for the old people as well.

Pilgrims in Chaucer's day walked from Tabard Garden on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Today they would pause to smile at Southwark's children and drink at the fountains.

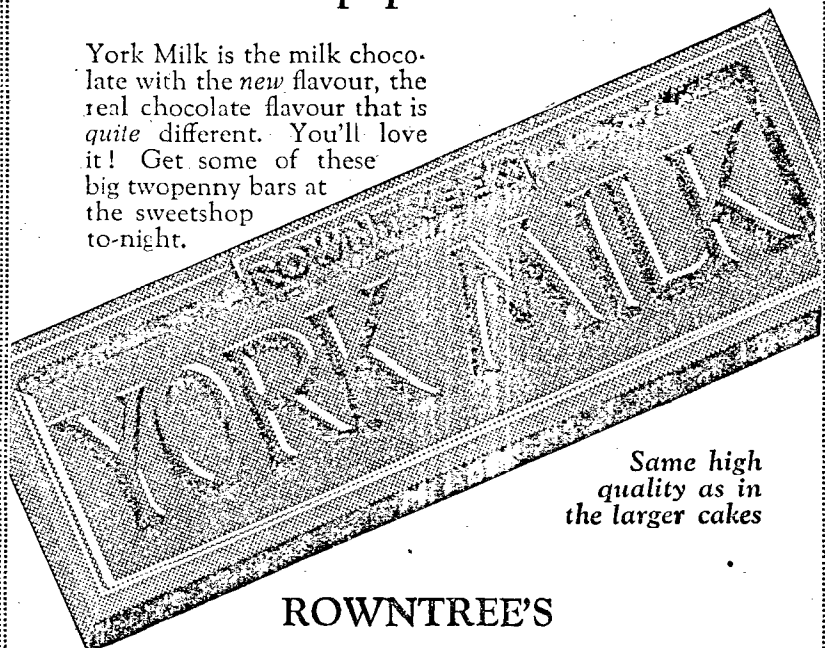
THE MECHANICAL POSTMAN

An almost human letter-box has been invented by an engineer in Cologne. It performs the duties of a postal clerk.

A letter can be dropped in the box without a stamp, and the mechanism inside weighs the letter, and shows in a little window what the postage will be. The person posting the letter then puts the money in the slot, the machine stamps the letter with the word Paid, and the envelope drops into the cage ready for the postman.

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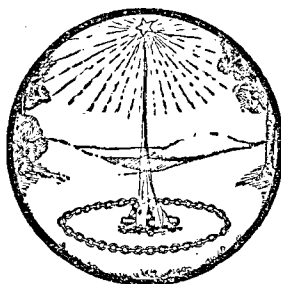
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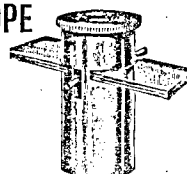
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THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Two schoolboys, Bruce Lyndall and Clive Winslow, finding themselves practically alone in England, decide to go out to their fathers, who are mining in Canada.

They arrive to find Mr. Lyndall faced with a serious robbery and the mysterious disappearance of his partner.

CHAPTER 5

Bruce Decides

A LOOK of horror grew upon Bruce's face as he stood gazing down at his father. "Dad," he said, "you're not telling me that Uncle Quentin stole the gold?"

Mr. Lyndall looked equally distressed. "It seems impossible," he said despondently, "yet for the life of me I can see no other explanation."

Bruce's eyes tightened. "You'll have to tell me more. I'm not going to believe such a thing of Uncle Quen until I have to."

"You're sure Clive can't hear?"

Bruce glanced out of the window. "No. He's talking to the cook. I say, that Chinaman won't tell him anything, will he?"

"That is not likely. Ching believes in your uncle as firmly as you do. There's no risk of his saying anything of my suspicions to Clive. In any case I've kept them to myself."

"That's good," said Bruce, in a relieved voice. "Now tell me the story."

"It begins a fortnight ago," replied his father, "when I took a tumble on the hill behind the house. I had been out after fresh meat and had killed a deer. I was carrying a quarter on my back when I slipped and fell and broke my right leg. Luckily I was within shouting distance of the house, and your uncle and Ching came out and brought me in. They put me to bed here and set my leg, and as it was only a simple fracture there was no need to fetch a doctor. I did not worry much, for Quentin could look after the mine and Ching is a first-class nurse. We were just getting ready for the clean up. You know from my letters that, once in six months, we melt up the gold we have mined into bricks and send it down to railroad. Bleak takes it and one of us goes with him to act as guard."

"This time the clean up was the best we've ever had. There were five bricks, each weighing twenty pounds. As gold is worth a little over four pounds an ounce, each of these bricks was valued at very nearly a thousand pounds. The clean up was finished five days ago, and the bricks locked up in the safe, which is in the opposite room, to wait for Bleak's next visit. It is the room your uncle sleeps in, and when there is gold in the safe he keeps a loaded gun by his bed."

"Have you ever had any thieves about?" put in Bruce.

"Never. We have only Indians and trappers about us, and very few of them, but at the same time we have always been careful and taken all precautions."

"Are your men all right?" put in Bruce shrewdly.

"Absolutely. Peter Diggs the foreman and the other three have been with us from the start. You shall see them yourself. Now let me go on. Three nights ago I woke up suddenly. It was raining; but it wasn't the rain that had roused me, it was a sound inside the house. I listened a while, then called for Quentin. There was no answer. Then I rang the hand bell for Ching. No one came. I rang again, then I shouted, but nothing happened. I couldn't move and there I had to lie till morning. Even then no one came, and I was just about frantic when Peter Diggs came hurrying into the house and wanted to know what was up. I told him and asked him to find Ching. Ching sleeps at the back in a little room over the kitchen. Diggs found him on his bed tied and gagged. "Who had done that?" asked Bruce sharply.

"Ching doesn't know. He says he found himself that way when he woke up. It seems plain that some one had given him a sleeping draught overnight."

"Perhaps he takes opium," suggested Bruce. "Chinese do, don't they?"

"Not Ching. But let me finish. Diggs and Ching went into your uncle's room and found the safe open and empty. It had been unlocked, not forced. And your uncle had gone. What is more, his hat, heavy coat, and rifle had also gone, and his canoe was missing." He paused. "What can I think except that he took the gold?" he added in a tone of despair.

Bruce's answer was prompt. "I don't think that, Dad. I don't believe it for a moment. My notion is that the thieves seized him and took him along with them so as to throw suspicion on him."

His father shook his head. "I've thought of that, but it doesn't explain Ching being tied up."

Bruce stuck to his point. "That was done by the thieves. They might have chloroformed Ching."

"Chloroformed him!" repeated Mr. Lyndall. "Yes, that is possible." Then his face fell. "But that does not explain your uncle's rifle and canoe disappearing."

"The robbers took them so as to make you think he was the thief," declared Bruce stoutly. "Very likely they had it all planned out beforehand."

The elder man's face relaxed a little. "I wish I could believe you were right, Bruce."

Bruce held up his hand. "Here's Clive," he whispered, and then the door opened and Clive came quickly in. "What's all this, Uncle John?" he asked anxiously, as he grasped his hand. "Ching says you've been robbed and that Dad has gone."

"Yes," said Bruce quickly. "The thieves collared him and took him away with them as well as the gold."

"But why didn't you send your men after them, Uncle John?" Clive demanded.

"The men are miners from the south," replied Mr. Lyndall. "Not one of them is any good in the woods. I sent one of them, Kerry, to the police post at Cross River, but he missed his way and came back this morning worn out and scared stiff. There is no one here fit to handle a canoe."

"Then it's up to us," said Bruce calmly. "We'll get Bleak to come along and run the thieves down in no time."

Mr. Lyndall stared at his son in blank amazement. "Two boys like you!" he said.

Bruce smiled. "Dad," he said quietly, "we're not kids any longer. And we've had ten days' hard paddling. Of course, we are still green to the woods, but with Bleak to help us we'll manage all right."

His father's eyes took in the big, powerful figure of his son and the steady, confident look on his face. Then he glanced at Clive's smaller yet well-knit frame, and drew a long breath.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I do see that you are not children any longer, but as for your following the thieves that is a different thing. You have no idea of the dangers and difficulties of our northern forests."

"You say your men are no good," said Bruce quietly. "If we don't go who else is there?"

"We'll do it all right," added Clive confidently. "I'll go and talk to Bleak."

He went straight out, met Bleak coming up from the lake and told him quickly what had happened. "We're going after the fellows," he said, "and we want you to come too."

Bleak shook his head. "I'm mighty sorry, Clive. There's nothing I'd like better than to help you and your folk, but I haven't got the time for a long trip like this."

Clive looked desperately disappointed, but pulled himself together. "Then we'll have to go by ourselves," he said firmly.

"You can't do that, son," Bleak told him. "You can't read signs, and unless you can do that and follow a trail it would be easier to find a pea on a beach full of pebbles than a man in a wilderness nigh as big as all Europe."

CHAPTER 6

The Trap

BLEAK RICARD's words hit Clive like a blow. He knew that they were true and that if he and Bruce started alone they would be helpless.

Bleak saw the misery in the boy's eyes and felt intensely sorry for him. During their trip together the tall frontiersman had grown very fond of these two plucky, cheerful youngsters, and he hated to let them down. "See here, Clive," he said, "I can spare a month. That means two weeks out from here and two back. Now I don't reckon to catch these thieves in a week, and maybe not in a month, but I'll start ye on the job. I'll teach ye all I can of trails and signs, and after I leave you you'll have to carry on alone. That's the best I can do."

Clive's face lit up. "It's splendid of you, Bleak," he said gratefully. "Just start us and that's all we'll ask. When do we leave, now?"

"No," said Bleak. "There's a heap to do before we can start on a job like this. We'll have our hands full to get away by sun-up tomorrow. Now I'll go and have a

talk with your uncle and get the lay of things as far as he knows 'em."

Bleak went into the house, and as Bruce came out Ching called the boys to come in to dinner. Ching was a first-class cook and gave them broiled venison with fresh vegetables grown by himself, and as a second course tinned peaches with custard. Bleak came in and joined them.

"I've got it all fixed up with Mr. Lyndall," he said. "He's treating me real white. Paying me full wages and offering a reward of five hundred pounds if I get the gold. I'd surely like to have three months to spare instead of one. Soon as I've fed I'm going down to the lake to look for sign. Then I'll get the stuff together for our trip. You boys don't need to worry. You had better go and have a good talk with the boss and cheer him up. He's not heard yet how you came out here."

The way Bleak worked was wonderful. Before nightfall he had every single thing ready for a long trip—food, blankets, matches, rifles, and ammunition. Everything was done up in small packages and wrapped so as to be proof against the weather. "They've got to be like that so that you can carry 'em easy over the portages," he explained. "And there'll be plenty of them before we get to the top of the river."

"And what about sign?" Clive asked. Bleak shook his head. "The rain's washed everything plumb away." "Then how do we know which way to go?" asked Bruce in dismay. "They didn't come down the river or we'd have seen 'em. So it stands to reason they went up. We must follow and take our chance of hitting the trail."

"Where do you think they're making for?" Bruce asked.

"Hard to say, but I'd make a guess it's Fort Nelson. That's a big port on Hudson Bay. They've got to get outside with their loot, and if they've gone north that's the only way out."

"But can't we send word there and have them stopped?"

A faint smile crossed Bleak's face. "You're forgetting we don't know who they are or what they look like."

"But we can describe Uncle Quentin."

Bleak shook his head. "They won't take him that far."

"What will they do with him?" Clive asked anxiously.

"Maybe they'll turn him loose when they think they're safe, or maybe they'll leave him in some Indian village. I don't reckon any harm will come to him."

Clive looked happier, but later when Bruce went to say good-night to his father and told him what Bleak had said Mr. Lyndall was troubled. "I'd give anything to think Bleak was right," he said, "but if the thieves did carry away your uncle I don't see them letting him go."

"Don't worry, Dad," said Bruce. "With Bleak's help we'll catch them."

The sun was not up next morning when Bleak, already dressed, roused the two boys. "I want to be away before light," he said. "Get your clothes on and come right away."

The clearing, the woods, and the lake were bathed in soft moonlight as the three slipped silently down to the water's edge. The canoe was ready and within a few minutes they were paddling steadily toward its head. The banks closed in and they found themselves breasting the strong current of the river. Dawn came, then sunrise, and a thin mist rose from the river as the sun blazed down on the dancing stream; but they kept on until a distant thunder of sound warned them they were approaching a rapid.

"It's the Goose Neck," Bleak told them. "Mighty bad place, but not very long. After we've carried our stuff to the head we'll stop and have dinner."

There were six packs in all, so this meant two journeys, and after that they would have to carry the canoe. They shouldered the first three packs and started. The trail was steep and narrow and the three went in single file, stooping under their loads.

Without warning the ground gave way beneath them. The trail opened at their feet. It was all so sudden they had not even time to cry out before all three had toppled down into the bottom of a deep pit.

A moment of gasping silence, then Bleak scrambled to his feet.

"A trap!" he cried as he looked at the walls which surrounded them. "We don't need to ask which way the thieves went."

"You—you think they made this to catch us?" panted Bruce as he clambered up. Bleak did not answer. He was looking down at Clive, who lay unpleasantly still, stretched out on the floor of the pit.

"Clive's hurt!" he said sharply.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO HAS A DAY ON THE RIVER

ADOLPHUS sauntered down to breakfast looking so elegant in his beautiful white flannels that his mother could hardly take her eyes off him.

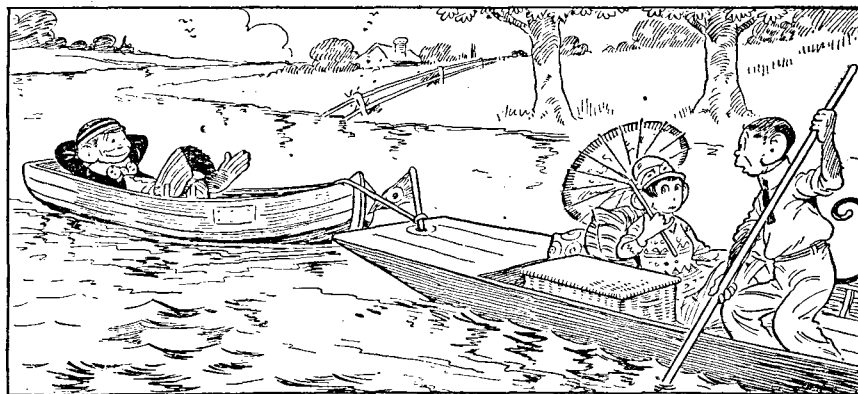
"Could I have a tea-basket, Mater?" he asked. "I'm punting Cousin Elsie up to Backreaches."

"That's not a bad notion!" cried Jacko, who was very fond of the river. "I'll come with you."

"No you won't," said Adolphus. "A pretty figure you'd look in a punt!"

But Jacko was not going to be put off as easily as that. If he couldn't have a punt he'd find something. And he did. It wasn't much to look at, just an old patched rowboat lying by the towpath half hidden by the reeds.

"I'll borrow it," he said to himself. "If the bottom falls out I can swim." And, untying the mooring rope, he sprang on and pushed off.



Adolphus got such a shock that he almost lost his pole

"I wish I had some money," murmured Jacko, as he dived for the sculls. "I'd buy a little motor-launch. None of Adolphus's punts for me. Why, there he is!"

It was Adolphus right enough, punting away in mid-stream for all he was worth.

"Coo! he looks hot," thought Jacko. "I wish I had someone to punt me!"

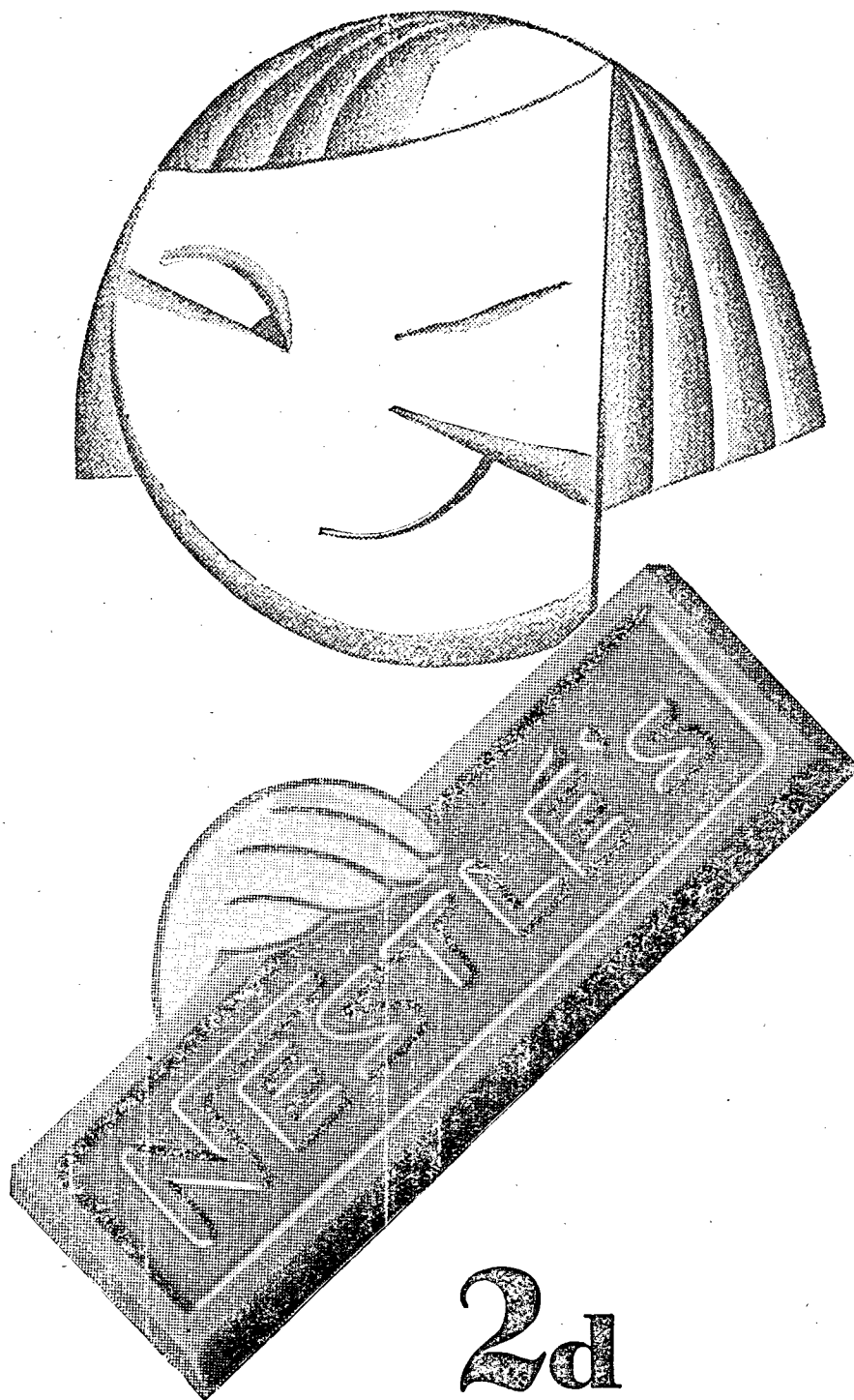
And suddenly he grinned. Very carefully, and without a sound, Jacko worked his old boat till he was close up behind the punt. Then he leaned over and began fumbling with the mooring rope.

"It's getting hotter," said Adolphus, fairly panting with his exertions.

"Is it?" said Elsie lazily. "Where are we?"

Adolphus turned round to take his bearings—and got such a shock that he almost lost his pole. Jacko had tied his boat to the punt, and was sprawling in it, thoroughly enjoying the sight of his brother doing all the work.

Adolphus made a dive. But Jacko was too quick for him. In a second he had jerked his boat free, and was scooting away upstream at five miles an hour.



2d

spent on a bar of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate is 2d. well spent. Because Nestlé's is the Milk Chocolate with the wonderful creamy flavour. The choc that's choc-full of goodness. Remember to ask for the big Nestlé's bar.

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(Registered Trade Mark)

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Mother is probably planning your holiday clothes. Remind her that 'Japshan' British Pure Silk will help make you the prettiest girl on the beach. If she says that Pure Silk is too extravagant tell her that 'Japshan' is different from all other silks, because it is woven especially for hard wear, and will wash and wash. Tell Mother that the makers guarantee it in every way.



A FEW PRICE EXAMPLES.

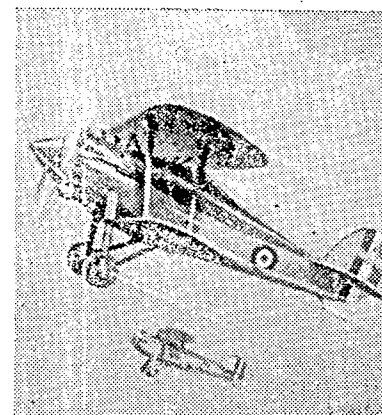
Cream or Natural, 29 ins. wide . . . **4/11**
Smart woven stripes and checks, ivory and pastel shades, 29 ins. wide . . . **5/9**
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TELL MOTHER TO INSIST UPON SEEING THE NAME 'JAPSHAN' ON DETACHABLE SELVEDGE LABELS. It is not genuine otherwise, and is not sold in the market-place. If any difficulty in obtaining genuine 'Japshan' Pure Silk, please write for name of suitable retailer to Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 893, Vyella House, Old Change, London, E.C.4.

Gymnasts of the Air



No other country in the world can show such breath-catching and tricky flying as our Royal Air Force delights in at the annual event which attracts sightseers from the ends of the earth.

This week's MODERN BOY tells you some interesting things about our airmen and some of their wonderful new machines which will be seen at the great R.A.F. display at Hendon next Saturday.

MODERN BOY

Buy Your Copy Today 2d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 13, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Charade

If you are my first, as I hope you may be,
My second, though plain, you will surely enjoy.
Take my first and my second together you see
What I wish you may have without any alloy.
My first with my second changed place, then I knew
That in making the change I must bid you adieu. *Answer next week*

Wild Flower of the Week

Traveller's Joy

THIS large climbing plant, the common clematis, which gives some idea of the great rope-like tangles of the Tropics, was given its popular name because it provided welcome shade for inn porches, and by the roadsides where travellers could rest and refresh themselves. It was also called the Virgin's Bower in Queen Elizabeth's time, because it was thought to provide a fitting bower for maidens like the queen.



A Numerical Enigma

"My name is 1234," said the boy,
"I'm neither 2341 or bad,
But I'm forced to 1432 in durance
3412,
And therefore I am sad." *Answer next week*

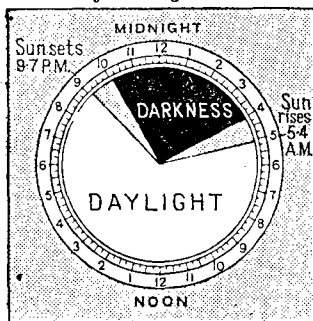
Is Your Name Brown?

THIS name, whether spelled with or without a final e, is probably a reference to the colour of the costume which an ancestor of the present Browns and Brownes generally wore. Black, White, and Grey have a similar origin.

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I am a Scottish river; beheaded I am a noxious plant, the pest of gardeners. Beheaded again and reversed I am another Scottish river. What am I? *Answer next week*

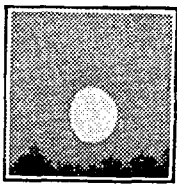
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Jupiter are in the North-East. In the evening Mars and Neptune are in the West, and Saturn, in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on July 17.



An Edison Stamp

THIS interesting stamp has just been issued in America to commemorate the golden jubilee of Edison's invention of the carbon filament lamp. In 1879 he made a fine wire from strips of burned bamboo to provide the filament for the first practicable electric lamp for household use.



The stamp, which is coloured red, bears a picture of the lamp and the words "Edison's first lamp. Electric light's jubilee." One might have expected that a portrait of Edison would have been given, but this was not done because it is contrary to tradition to reproduce portraits of living persons on American stamps.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE songs of the blackbird, whitethroat, and song thrush are last heard. The second broods of wrens are fledged. The reed bunting lays a second time. The large heath, dark green fritillary, and chalkhill blue butterflies are seen. The drinker, burnished brass, dark arches, humming-bird hawk, barred lackey, goat, garden tiger, and U-moths appear. Marsh woundwort, centaury, white horehound, black nightshade, vervain, St. John's wort, white goosefoot, hemp nettle, eyebright, tutsan, great reed mace, spear thistle, arrowhead are all in bloom.

Ici On Parle Français



La trompette le naufrage la noix
J'entends la trompette : partons !
Hélas ! le navire a fait naufrage.
La coquille de la noix est dure.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Greengrocer's Problem

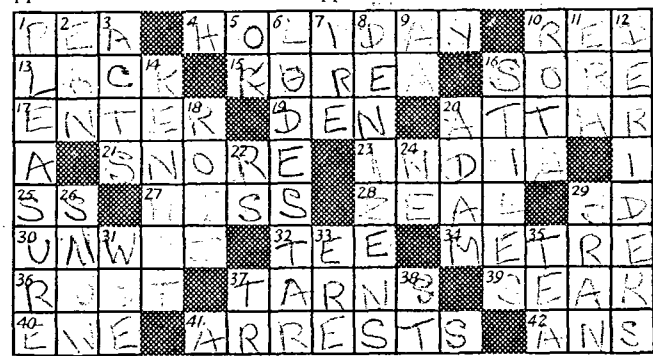
24 dozen at 6d. a dozen.

Buried. Characters Word Diamond
Iago, Lear, Bianca, Portia, Cordelia, Hamlet.

An Enigma. Smoke
What Am I? Goliath
CUR CURED CURTAIN REALM DIM N

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk in the clues which appear below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A leguminous plant. 4. A vacation. 5. A primary colour. 13. A tress. 15. Eastern country, a dependency of Japan. 16. Painful. 17. To go in. 19. A cave. 20. A sweet-smelling oil. 21. To breathe noisily in sleep. 23. A great Empire. 25. Steamship.* 27. A cape. 28. Earnestness. 29. Bachelor of Divinity.* 30. Unmarried. 32. Little heap of sand used by golfers. 34. A French measure of length. 36. Foundation. 37. Small mountain lakes. 39. To wither. 40. Female sheep. 41. Captures. 42. Answer.*

Reading Down. 1. Delight. 2. Eternity. 3. Deeds. 5. Symbol meaning correct. 6. A guiding star. 7. Wrath. 8. Inhabitants. 9. Automobile Association.* 10. List of duties to be done. 11. Historical period. 12. Mockers. 14. A Berkshire river. 16. Entrances to fields. 18. Filled with roe. 20. The first man. 22. Royal Society.* 24. Compass point.* 26. Crystallised atmospheric vapour. 29. The empty husks of grain. 31. Distress. 33. Before. 35. A beverage. 37. Transpose.* 38. Saint.*

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MOTHER'S birthday, and such lots of presents! Joyce did not think much of many of the presents. For instance, who could get up much enthusiasm for the new suction carpet sweeper? Or the fat Danish grammar that Daddy gave, because Mother was so keen on studying that language and worked at it for a quarter of an hour at least every evening? Or the white linen handkerchiefs that Aunt Kitty had sent? No, the presents were all right in their way, and Mummy was delighted with them, but in her little daughter's eyes they were terribly dull.

Then came the carrier's footstep in the lane and a knock at the front door, and Jessie the housemaid came in to say that a wooden box had arrived and there was a shilling to pay. There was a note, too, explaining that it was a present from Cousin Gertrude.

Presently in came the box, which was rather big, and Hubert came to open it with his carpentering tools; and Christine, Joyce's small sister, rushed in from the garden; and Miss Smithers, Mother's old school friend, left off painting the terrier's portrait in the garden room, and the box was slowly opened.

Out came a dainty teaset! Not the ordinary sort of teaset you are thinking of,



A teaset of lovely colours but a very different one. A teaset of six different coloured cups and saucers.

There was a heavenly sky

Dr. MERRYMAN

Horrid Thought

THE lift shot past the thirtieth floor in the New York skyscraper.

"What would happen if the lift went wrong and crashed to the bottom?" asked a cheerful passenger.

"Ugh!" shuddered the liftman. "I'd lose my job."

Why?

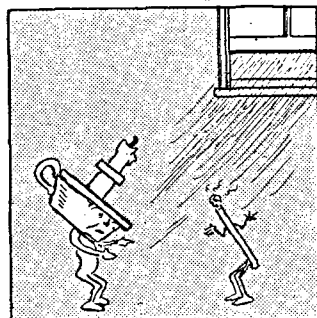
I WONDER why the pelican Although the jelly can't, And also why the Bolivar Whereas the olive aren't, Whatever makes the *billet-doux* The things the nanny don't, And why, oh why, does Eaton-swill When Harrow simply won't?

No Witnesses

AN old Negro who was accused of stealing chickens was asked by the judge if he had any witnesses.

"No, sah," was the reply. "When Ah steals chickens Ah has no witnesses, sah."

A Dark Prospect



"Give me a light," the Candle said, "To find my way about." The Last Match shook his doleful head— A draught had blown him out!"

A Misfit

THE shopgirl had been sorely tried, for as she brought out coat after coat the customer found fault with each.

"No," said the customer for the twentieth time, "I couldn't possibly wear this coat. It's much too tight."

"Pardon me, madam," was the quiet reply. "You've seen all our stock; that is your own coat you are wearing."

Caught

THE mistress entered the kitchen and asked the new maid who broke the teapot.

"The cat did, mum," was the reply.

"The cat?" queried the mistress.

"Why?" asked the maid. "Haven't we got one?"

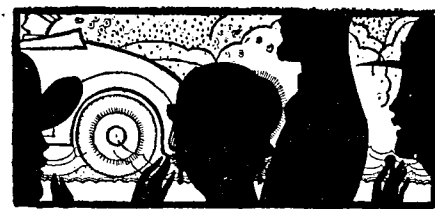
THE PALE BROWN CUP

blue. Joyce loved colour, and her heart beat fast as this was held up admiringly by brother Hubert. Then followed a soft pure rose, a glowing crimson, the prettiest mauve, and a sun yellow.

The last was a pale brown. Joyce thought it very dull. But Mother didn't.

"I think that the very nicest of all," she said. "Such a charming shade! I shall always hope to be lucky enough to drink out of it."

Funny Mummy! thought Joyce. But she loved soft, gentle colours. How lucky! Then she would choose that one always, and so nobody would be disappointed.



Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat. Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease. Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice; their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them
In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

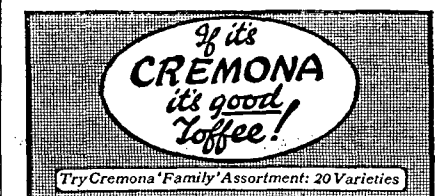


"WELCO" All Steel SWING

Here's joy and health for the kiddies. A large size Swing, firm as a rock, guaranteed proof against all weathers, costing only 40/- complete. Height 7 ft., depth 7 ft., width 9 ft. Base lies flush with ground; no need to dig foundations. Complete with all-Steel Rods and Rexine Covered Seat.

Give your children the delight of their lives! Your fullest satisfaction assured. Send no money. On request we despatch, carriage forward, so that you have 7 days' free trial before deciding to pay 40s., or return the swing to our works carriage paid. It's a real British Engineering job. Send for it NOW so that the youngsters do not miss any of these glorious summer days.

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CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON VALUE 3d.
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